

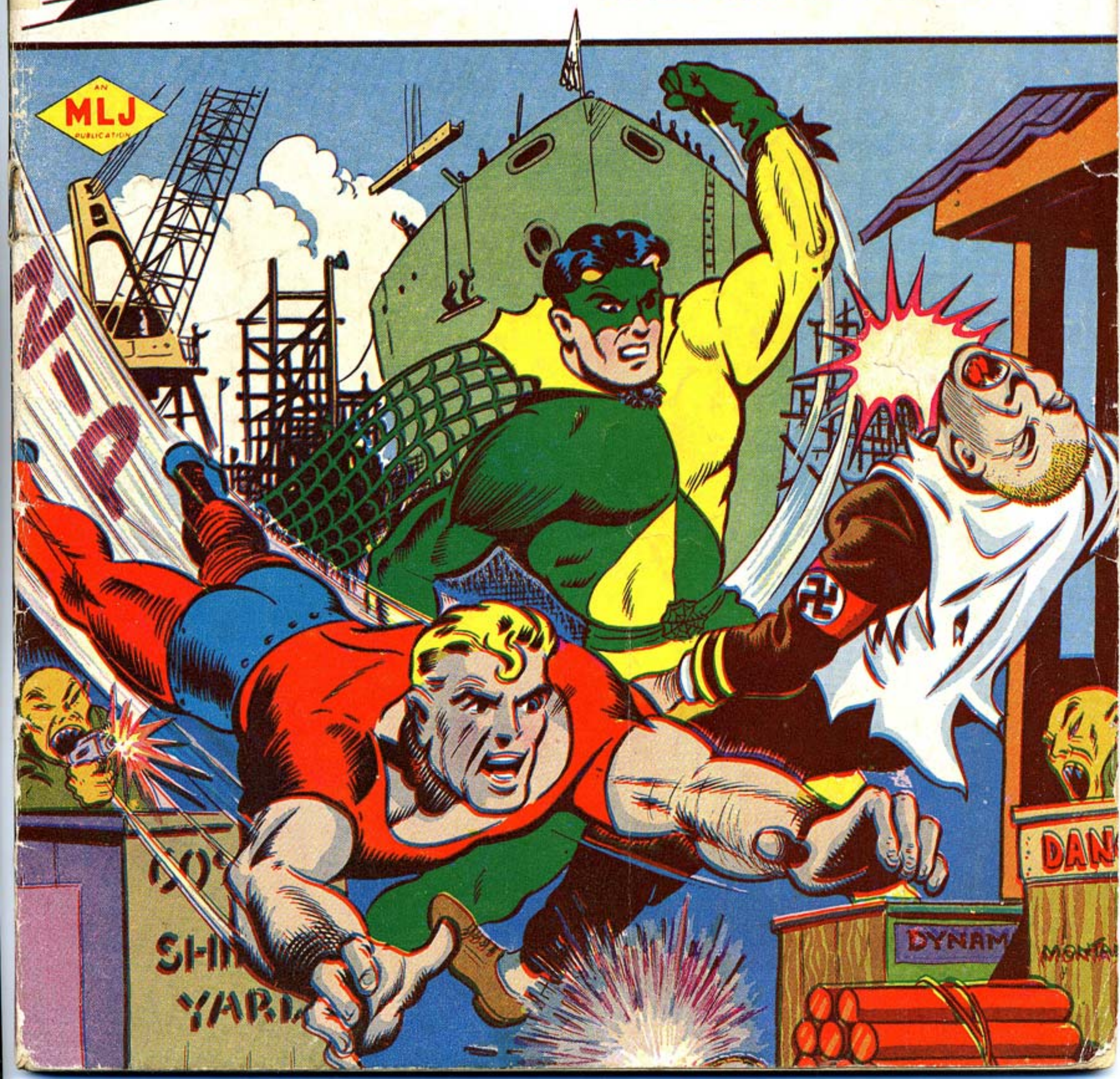
A NEVER-TO-BE-FORGOTTEN TALE!  
STEEL STERLING UPHOLDS AMERICA'S HONOR!!

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# ZIP

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# STEEL STERLING

## Man of Steel



OUCH!  
HELP!  
SOMEONE  
HELP!

**LISBON**-THE LAST REFUGE IN EUROPE FOR THOSE MOST HATED AND FEARED BY THE GESTAPO! LISBON-CRAMPED WITH POLITICIANS, DIPLOMATS, SOLDIERS, PRINCES AND PAUPERS, ALL FLEEING FROM THE BLOODY NAZI HORDES THAT HAVE INFESTED THE ENTIRE CONTINENT! HERE IT IS THAT OUR STORY BEGINS - HERE IN THIS VAST CONCENTRATION CAMP OF HOPES, DOUBTS AND FEARS! LISBON.

by IRV NOVICK

BANK  
SOURCE



BOY! THIS FAT SLOB IS SURE ONE TOUGH BABY!

THAT FINISHED HIM! NOW FOR LOONEY-I HOPE HE HAD ENOUGH STRENGTH TO HOLD ON!

STRONG HANDS GRASP LOONEY'S ARMS AS TIRED FINGERS RELAX THEIR GRIP ON THE COLD STONE BALUSTRADE!

NOW TAKE IT EASY, CHUM!

H-H-H-HOLY SMOKE! IT'S STEEL! HOW THE WHO THE --- WHERE THE.

ANOTHER SECOND AND HE WOULD HAVE BEEN A GONER!

THANKS, MISTER- JUST LET ME SIT DOWN A WHILE AND GET MY BEARINGS!



WHERE DID  
COME FROM?

WELL, IT'S A  
LONG STORY, AND  
SINCE WE HAVEN'T  
MUCH TIME, I'LL  
HAVE TO MAKE  
IT SHORT!

YOU REMEMBER, OF  
COURSE, WHEN THE  
COLONEL IN CHARGE  
OF INTELLIGENCE  
SENT FOR YOU—

SERGEANT LUNAR,  
HOW WOULD YOU  
LIKE TO GO ON  
A TRIP?

YMEAN I'M GONNA  
GO INTO ACTION? BOY,  
SHOW ME THEM  
JAPANAZIS, I'LL TEAR  
THEM APART, I'LL  
MOW 'EM DOWN—  
I'LL—I'LL---



HA! HA! HOLD ON A  
MINUTE, SERGEANT, WE APPRECIATE  
YOUR ENTHUSIASM, ALTHOUGH YOUR  
MISSION MAY SEEM LESS SPECTACULAR  
THAN COMBAT DUTY— IT IS JUST AS  
IMPORTANT!



THE HEAD OF  
OUR SECRET SERVICE IN  
PORTUGAL HAS BEEN AR-  
RESTED ON EVIDENCE  
UNEARTHED BY GER-  
MAN AGENTS!



THESE GESTAPO MEN DISCOVERED  
THAT OUR SECRET SERVICE AGENTS  
WERE GETTING INFORMATION FROM PAID  
SPIES, ON POLITICAL CONDITIONS EXISTING  
IN OCCUPIED TERRITORY,  
PREPARATORY TO  
OPENING A SECOND  
FRONT!

WHERE DO THOSE  
DIRTY NAZIS COME  
OFF HAVING OUR MEN  
PINCHED? THEY HAVEN'T  
TAKEN OVER YET! NOT  
BY A LONG SHOT!

THAT'S JUST WHAT THE PORTUGUESE ARE  
AFRAID OF! AT THE SAME TIME THEY DO  
NOT WISH TO OFFEND THE UNITED  
STATES! IF, WHEN THE TRIAL COMES UP, THE  
EVIDENCE IS PRODUCED, THEN IT MEANS  
DEPORTATION FOR ALL AMERICANS IN POR-  
TUGAL! THAT MUST NOT HAPPEN! IT IS  
VITAL THAT WE MAINTAIN A LISTENING  
POST THERE!





THIS "EVIDENCE" IS IN THE HANDS OF GERHARDT VON KLUNE, THE LOCAL GESTAPO AGENT! YOUR JOB WILL BE TO OBTAIN THESE PAPERS AND DISPOSE OF THEM BEFORE THE TRIAL COMES UP!

SOUNDS PRETTY GOOD! WHEN DO I START?



IMMEDIATELY— YOU ARE TO PROCEED TO LISBON BY CLIPPER! THERE, TO TAKE QUARTERS AT THE HOTEL SANS SOUCI, A RENDEZVOUS FOR WEALTHY REFUGEES AND NAZI AGENTS BECAUSE OF ITS LUXURIOUS GAMBLING ROOMS! YOU WILL BE COVERED BY DIPLOMATIC IMMUNITY, SINCE YOU'LL BE TRAVELING AS A MILITARY ATTACHE TO OUR CONSULATE! GOOD LUCK, SERGEANT!

THANK YOU, SIR!



HOW'D YOU FIND ALL THAT 'OUT'? YOU WEREN'T THERE!

OH NO? I WAS BEHIND THE SCREE ALL THE TIME!



AFTER YOU HAD LEFT TO MAKE PREPARATIONS FOR YOUR DEPARTURE---

OKAY, STEEL, IT'S SAFE TO COME OUT NOW!

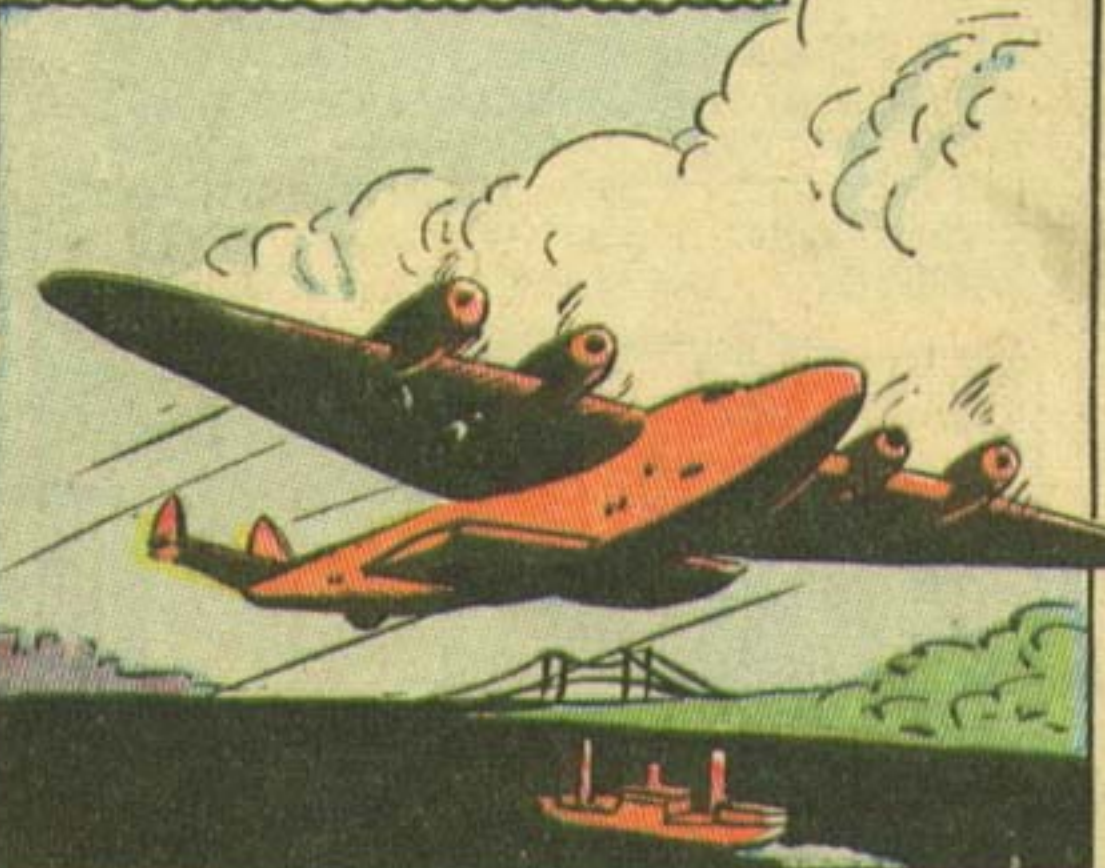


OUR AGENTS HAVE RELIABLE INFORMATION THAT VON KLUNE AND HIS NAZI GANGSTERS ARE PLANNING TO OVERTHROW THE PORTUGUESE GOVERNMENT AND SEIZE CONTROL OF IT! YOU'RE TO TRY AND DISCOVER PROOF, IF ANY, OF THE CONSPIRACY! SERGEANT LUNAR WILL ACT UNKNOWINGLY AS A DECOY!

HE'S NAIVE ENOUGH TO BE A PERFECT ONE!



AND SO, WHEN THE CLIPPER LEFT THAT DAY FOR LISBON, I WAS ALSO ON BOARD-----



AS A MATTER OF FACT, I SAT RIGHT NEXT TO YOU! REMEMBER? I WAS THE CHAP WHO TROUNCED YOU IN TWO-HANDED PINOCHLE!

I WIN AGAIN, SARGE!

SAY MISTER, YER PRETTY GOOD! YOU BEAT ME FIFTY TIMES IN A ROW! A FRIEND OF MINE, STEEL STERLING, THINKS HE'S A HOT PLAYER!





AND THEN LATER, AT THE HOTEL ---

WELL, WELL - IF IT ISN'T THE PINOCCHLE CHAMP! DON'T TELL ME YOU'RE GOING HERE TOO!

BOY, WHAT A SWELL DUMP! "SAN SUZIE" WHAT DOES THAT MEAN?

IT'S A FRENCH EXPRESSION MEANING "WITHOUT CARE" OR "WITHOUT WORRY!"

- WHEN YOU CAME OUT OF YOUR ROOM

WELL, WHADDA YA KNOW? YOU'VE GOT THE ROOM RIGHT NEXT DOOR TO ME! SAY HOW ABOUT GOING DOWN TO THE BAR AND HAVE A BEER ON ME?

I'D LIKE NOTHING BETTER!



- 'N, SO Y'SEE, I'M WORKING FOR THE U.S. INTELLIGENCE! I'M AFTER A GUY NAMED VON KLUNE, HE'S ONE OF THE ----

Y'KNOW, SOLDIER, I WOULDN'T TALK SO MUCH IF I WERE YOU, YOU NEVER KNOW WHOM YOU'RE TALKING TO, OR WHO MAY BE LISTENING IN!

HUH? OH! YEH, I GUESS YOU'RE RIGHT, PAL! I'D BETTER BUTTUN MY LIP!



WOO! WOO! LOOK AT THAT! ALL ALONE, AND GIVING ME THE GLAD-EYE! PAL, WATCH MY SMOKE!

HIYA, BABY! SERGEANT LUNAR, U.S.A! THAT'S ME! MIND IF I PULL UP A CHAIR?

BUT OF COURSE NOT, YANGUI! SIT DOWN!







I HAVE BEEN WATCHING YOU FOR SOME TIME, YANOU! I THINK ZAT YOU ARE CUTE!

Y'THINK SO, HUH? ALL THE GALS DO! AS A MATTER OF FACT-

I DON'T HAPPEN TO SHARE DER SAME OPINION!

NOW AIN'T THAT TOO BAD! WHO ASKED YOU TO PUT YOUR TWO CENTS IN? **HIT THE ROAD, BLUBBER!**



YOU ARE ANNOYING DIS VOMAN-WHO IS MY FIANCEE! I THINK YOU'D BETTER TAKE A WALK!

TAKE A WALK? ANNOYIN' WOMEN? GO 'WAY, YA 'HIPPO! I WANTA HAVE A COUPLE OF BEERS!

I TINK IT VOULD BE BETTER IF YOU VOULD TAKE A WALK! MAX! FRANZ!

AND YOU WERE UNCKEREMONIOUSLY THROWN OUT OF THE COCKTAIL ROOM!



WHAT IS THIS - A BUM'S RUSH?

HEY! YOU CAN'T DO THIS TO ME!

THAT'S A VERY FAMILIAR PHRASE!



OH, IT'S YOU, PAL! SAY, WHO WAS THAT OVERSTUFFED PIG THAT HAD ME BOUNCED?

HE IS THE MAN YOU'RE LOOKING FOR, VON KLUNE!

**VON KLUNE!** I MIGHT HAVE KNOWN IT! WHY, THE DIRTY NAZI SKUNK! I'M GOIN' IN THERE AND BUST 'IM WIDE OPEN!

HOLD ON A MINUTE, SON! YOU DON'T STAND A CHANCE! THE ODDS ARE AGAINST YOU! LISTEN TO ME, I HAVE A PLAN THAT MIGHT HELP YOU!





WHY DON'T YOU GET AT VON KLUNE THROUGH HIS LADY FRIEND? I THINK SHE LIKES YOU BETTER ANYWAY! LET'S GO IN THE GAMBLING ROOM! EVERYBODY GOES THERE ABOUT THIS TIME! PERHAPS WE'LL FIND HER THERE!

PAL, Y'KNOW IN SOME WAYS YOU'RE SMARTER THAN STERLING! BUT OF COURSE I WUZ THINKIN' OF THE **SAME THING MYSELF!**

**AW, THERE SHE IS NOW! AND SHE SEEMS TO BE ALONE! I DON'T SEE VON KLUNE OR HIS HENCHMEN ANYWHERE - NOW'S YOUR CHANCE, SARGE!**

SHE WOULD BE IN THE GAMBLING CASINO! ONLY WAY FOR ME TO KEEP AN EYE ON THEM WITHOUT EXCITING SUSPICION IS TO PLAY AT ONE OF THE TABLES MYSELF - AND I KNOW AS MUCH ABOUT ROULETTE AS LOONEY KNOWS ABOUT ESPIONAGE!



NUMBER SEVEN WINS - LUCKY SEVEN THE WINNER!

SEVEN? ER - IS THAT ME?

HOW D'YA LIKE DAT LUCKY BUM! WINS TEN G'S, AND DON'T EVEN KNOW IT!

SAY --- HAVEN'T I SEEN YOU SOMEWHERE, BEFORE, MISTER --- ER -- MISTER ---

YER OFF YER NUT, PAL! YOU AINT NEVER SEEN ME -- SEE? I'M A NATIVE IN DIS BOIG!

HMM -- HE CERTAINLY DOES LOOK FAMILIAR, BUT I CAN'T PLACE HIM! OH, OH, THERE GOES LOONEY AND HIS GAL! I'D BETTER CASH IN MY CHIPS AND TAG AFTER THEM! TEN THOUSAND BUCKS IS PRETTY GOOD WINNINGS FOR A FEW MINUTES!



THERE THEY GO, OUT ONTO THE TERRACE!

LISTEN, BABE, WITH YOUR FACE AND FIGURE AND MY INFLUENCE, I CAN LAND YOU A JOB ON BROADWAY, IF YOU PLAY BALL WITH ME!

BUT OF COURSE, MY LEETLE LOONEY, WHAT IS THEES BALL YOU WANT ME TO PLAY?





THIS LUG, VON KLUNE, HAS SOME PAPERS THAT I'D LIKE TO GET MY HANDS ON—NOW I FIGGER YOU BEIN' A SPECIAL PAL O'HIS Y'MIGHT KNOW WHERE HE KEEPS 'EM!

BUT YES, CHERI! HE KEEPS ZEM EEN A WALL SAFE EEN HIS ROOM— I KNOW ZEE COMBINATION—COME, I WEEL TAKE YOU ZERE!

WOW! DID THIS DAME FALL FOR MY LINE! WHO DO I KNOW ON BROADWAY— EXCEPT MAYBE BENNY THE BUM!

JUST WHAT I HOPED FOR!



WHEN SUDDENLY—

WHAT THE SAM HILL!

I SPUN AROUND AND LET HIM HAVE IT—

DON'T MOVE, CHUM— OR THIS ROD MIGHT GO BOOM! HAND OVER THOSE TEN THOUSAND SMACKERS!



YOU AGAIN! WELL I'LL BE! I THOUGHT I RECOGNIZED YOU BEFORE! YOU'RE "REMBRANDT" LOUIE, CONMAN AND FORGER EXTRAORDINARY!

HOW DYA KNOW WHO I AM? WHO ARE YA?



PERHAPS YOU'LL RECOGNIZE ME NOW!

STEEL STERLING!



WHAT'S THE BIG IDEA, REMBRANDT? ROBBERY ISN'T IN YOUR LINE!

WELL, Y'KNOW I'M WANTED FOR A FORGERY JOB I DID BACK IN THE U.S. I BEAT THE RAP BY COMING HERE! AFTER FIVE YEARS I'M SICK OF THE WHOLE BUSINESS!

I'D RATHER SERVE MY SENTENCE THAN STAY HERE ANOTHER MINUTE! I TRIED TO GET ENOUGH MONEY TO BUY PASSAGE ON THE CLIPPER! TO NIGHT WHEN I SAW YOU WIN ALL THAT DOUGH, I FIGURED I'D HEIST IT, AND KISS THIS RAT HOLE GOODBYE!



LISTEN TO THIS STUFF IF SA...



LISTEN, REMBRANDT, I'LL GEE THAT YOU GET BACK TO THE STATES, AND WHAT'S MORE I'LL PUT IN A GOOD WORD FOR YOU. IF YOU HELP ME—AND, AT THE SAME TIME, YOU'LL BE HELPING YOUR COUNTRY!

O.K.! WHAT CAN I LOSE?— I'LL DO WHAT EVER YOU WANT!

GOOD! MY ROOM NUMBER IS FORTY TWO! GO UP THERE AND WAIT FOR ME! MEANWHILE I'VE GOT SOME BUSINESS TO ATTEND TO!



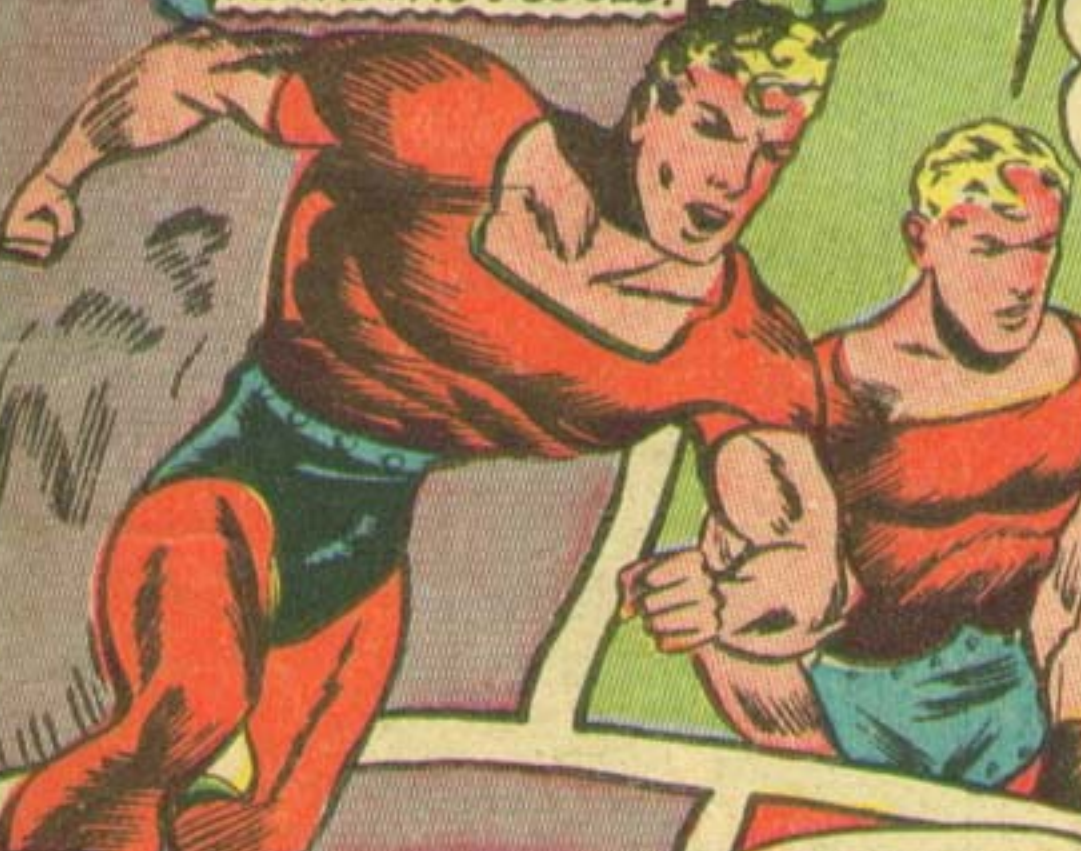
I THEN ZIPPED UP TO VON KLUNE'S ROOM AS FAST AS I COULD!

NOW WHAT HAPPENED FROM THEN, TILL THE TIME I PULLED YOU OFF THE LEDGE?

AH, IT'S OPEN! PERHAPS WE WILL FIND ZEE PAPERS YOU WANT! YOU ARE EXCITED, NO?

WELL, WHEN WE GET UP TO VON KLUNE'S ROOM, THE DAME OPENS THE SAFE—

I AM EXCITED, YES! HURRY UP, BABY! HAND OVER THOSE PAPERS!



I WUZ DYING TO GET MY HANDS ON THESE!

GOOD! THEN THIS WONT INTERFERE WITH YOUR PLANS!

HEY! WHAT GIVES HERE?— OH, I GET IT— THE WELL KNOWN DOUBLE CROSS!

I DID THE SAME THING YOU DID TO THAT REMBRANDT GUY!

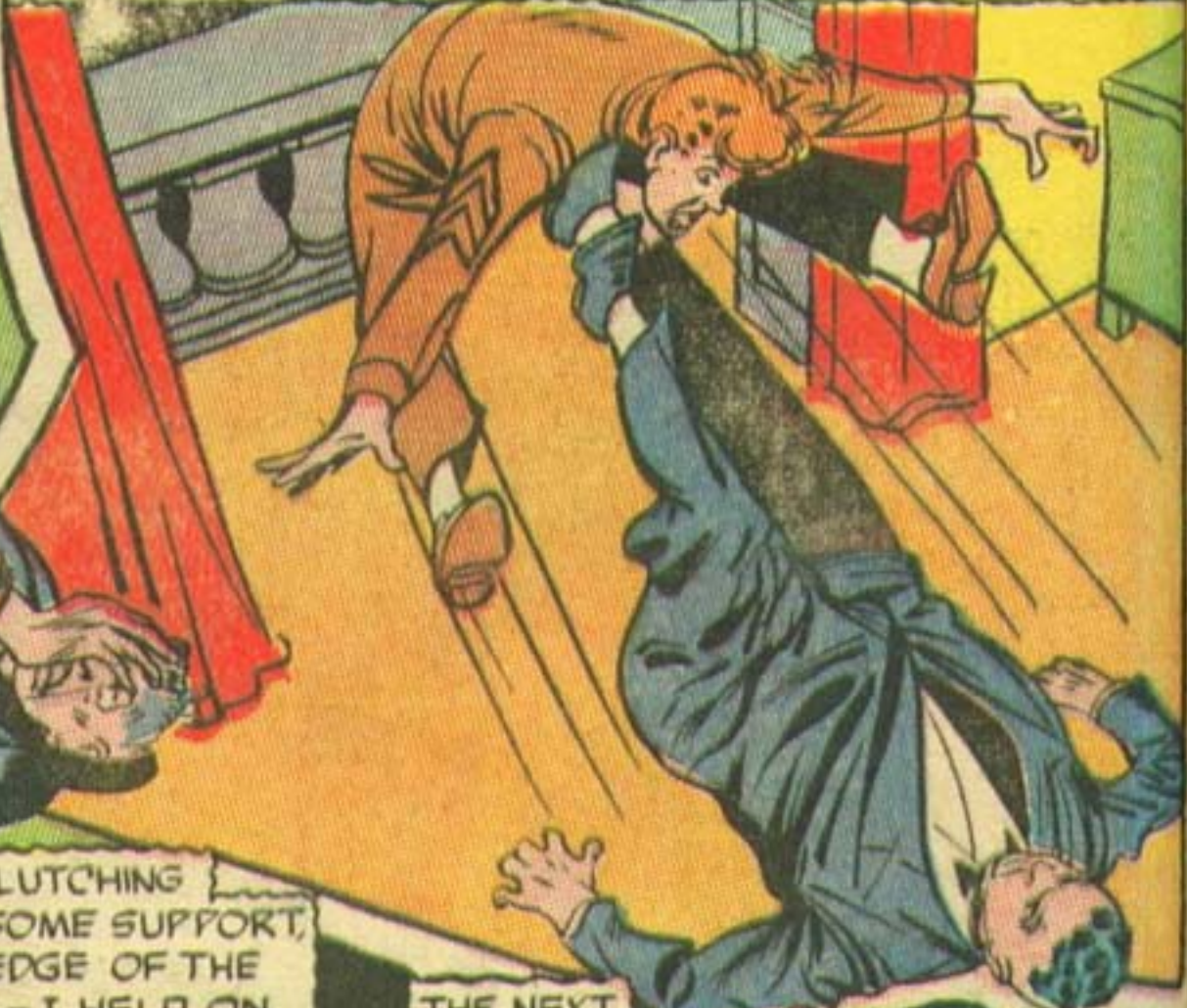




WE WRASLED AROUND FOR A WHILE—  
AND THEN THE NEXT THING I KNEW----



I WAS GOIN' THROUGH THE AIR LIKE 'THE MAN ON THE  
FLYING TRAPEZE' ONLY I DIDN'T HAVE A TRAPEZE----



I KEPT RIGHT  
ON GOING  
THROUGH AN  
OPEN WINDOW  
OVER A BALCONY---



MY HANDS CLUTCHING  
WILDLY FOR SOME SUPPORT,  
FOUND THE LEDGE OF THE  
BALUSTRADE—I HELD ON  
FOR DEAR LIFE---



THE NEXT  
MINUTE, THE  
FAT RAT WAS  
WHACKING  
AWAY AT MY  
FINGERS WITH  
A PIECE OF  
LEAD PIPE---



AND IF YOU HADN'T COME  
ALONG WHEN YOU DID, I WOULD  
HAVE BEEN A **DEAD PIGEON**  
SURE— SAY, I WONDER WHAT  
HAPPENED TO THAT DAME!

SHE PROBABLY  
WENT FOR VON  
KLUNE'S MOB—SO  
WE'D BETTER  
HUSTLE!



PICK UP THE REST OF  
THOSE PAPERS AND LET'S  
BEAT IT DOWN TO MY  
ROOM!



A WHILE LATER IN STEEL'S ROOM—  
HURRY UP, REMBRANDT,  
WE HAVEN'T MUCH  
TIME!



I DON'T GET IT,  
FIRST YOU DESTROY  
THOSE PAPERS  
AND NOW **THIS!**  
WHAT'S GOIN' ON?



SUDDENLY-----

WELL, WELL - VISITORS!  
COME ON IN! WE'RE  
EXPECTING YOU!

MAKE YOURSELVES COMFORTABLE  
- ON THE FLOOR!

THIS IS FOR ALL  
YOUR DIRTY "SHENANI-  
GINS", RATZI!

COME ON! THESE  
BIRDS AREN'T GOING  
TO SLEEP FOREVER!  
WE'VE GOT TO HURRY AND GET  
THESE PAPERS TO THE  
PRESIDENT'S RE-  
SIDENCE BEFORE  
IT'S TOO LATE!

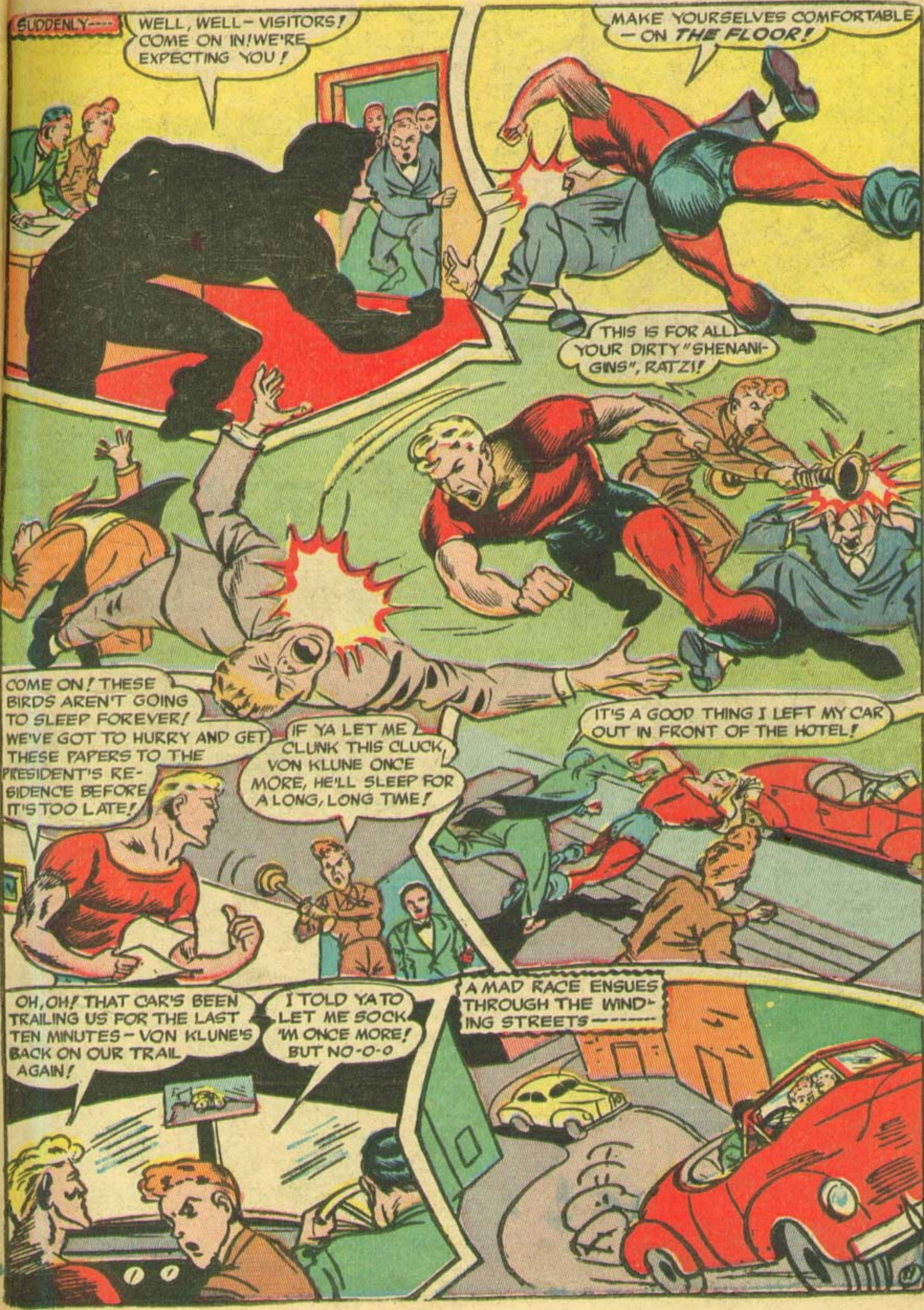
IF YA LET ME  
CLUNK THIS CLUCK  
VON KLUNE ONCE  
MORE, HE'LL SLEEP FOR  
A LONG, LONG TME!

IT'S A GOOD THING I LEFT MY CAR  
OUT IN FRONT OF THE HOTEL!

OH, OH! THAT CAR'S BEEN  
TRAILING US FOR THE LAST  
TEN MINUTES - VON KLUNE'S  
BACK ON OUR TRAIL  
AGAIN!

I TOLD YATO  
LET ME SOCK  
'IM ONCE MORE!  
BUT NO-O-O

A MAD RACE ENSUES  
THROUGH THE WIND-  
ING STREETS-----





ENDING UP IN THE PRESIDENTIAL CHAMBERS---

GUARDS! WHAT IS THE MEANING OF THIS?

WE WERE UNABLE TO STOP THEM, MR. PRESIDENT!

MR. PRESIDENT, PARDON THIS INTRUSION, BUT I HAVE HERE DOCUMENTS OF THE UTMOST IMPORTANCE CONCERNING THE FUTURE WELFARE OF YOUR COUNTRY!

READ IT, SIR, AND YOU SHALL SEE CONCLUSIVE PROOF OF A PLOT BY VON KLUNE AND HIS GANGSTERS TO OVERTHROW THE REPUBLIC AND SEIZE CONTROL OF THE GOVERNMENT! YOU WILL SEE THESE DOCUMENTS ARE **WRITTEN** AND **SIGNED** BY **VON KLUNE**!

GOOD HEAVENS! IT'S TRUE!

HE TRIED TO PLACE AMERICANS IN A BAD LIGHT--WHILE ALL THE TIME HE WAS CONSPIRING AGAINST THE STATE!

JUST THEN VON KLUNE ARRIVES ON THE SCENE---

I SEE DER PRESIDENT HAS READ DER DOCUMENTS AND IS BY NOW CONVINCED OF THE INFIDELITY OF THE AMERICANS!

GUARDS, ARREST VON KLUNE AND HIS MEN!

BUT-BUT DER PAPERS, MR. PRESIDENT! I DON'T UNDERSTAND, AREN'T DEY PROOF ENOUGH?

YES! PROOF ENOUGH OF YOUR **TREACHERY**! TAKE HIM AWAY!

I AM GIVING ORDERS TO RELEASE YOUR AMERICAN COLLEAGUE IMMEDIATELY! FURTHERMORE AMERICANS CAN COME AND GO **FREELY** HERE IN THIS COUNTRY!

LATER, ON THE CLIPPER, BOUND FOR AMERICA---

THAT WASN'T RIGHT HAVING REMBRANDT FORGE THOSE DOCUMENTS!

DON'T LOSE ANY SLEEP, LOONEY THERE **REALLY** WAS A CONSPIRACY!

-AND BESIDES, WHEN YOU'RE DEALING WITH NAZIS A LITTLE MATTER LIKE ETHICS ISN'T IMPORTANT!

THAT'S RIGHT, STEEL! Y'GOTTA FIGHT FIRE WITH FIRE!

BY THE WAY, STEEL, I SURE WAS NAIVE, WASN'T I?

YOU SURE WERE, BROTHER! YOU SURE WERE!

*Follow...*  
THE COLORFUL ADVENTURES OF STEEL STERLING EVERY MONTH IN **ZIP COMICS!** STEEL, CLANCY AND LOONEY ALSO APPEAR IN **JACKPOT COMICS!**

The END



# The WEB

IT WAS ONLY A BOOK! MUSTY AND DRAB THAT REPOSED IN A SECOND HAND BOOK STORE FOR YEARS, GATHERING DUST! BUT WHEN IT FINALLY WAS TAKEN OFF THE SHELF, A **WEB OF CRIME** WAS BEGUN WHICH WAS DESTINED TO BE WOVEN WITH STRANDS OF **DEATH!** IN SHORT, THIS IS A TALE OF—  
**THE WEB AND THE BOOK!**





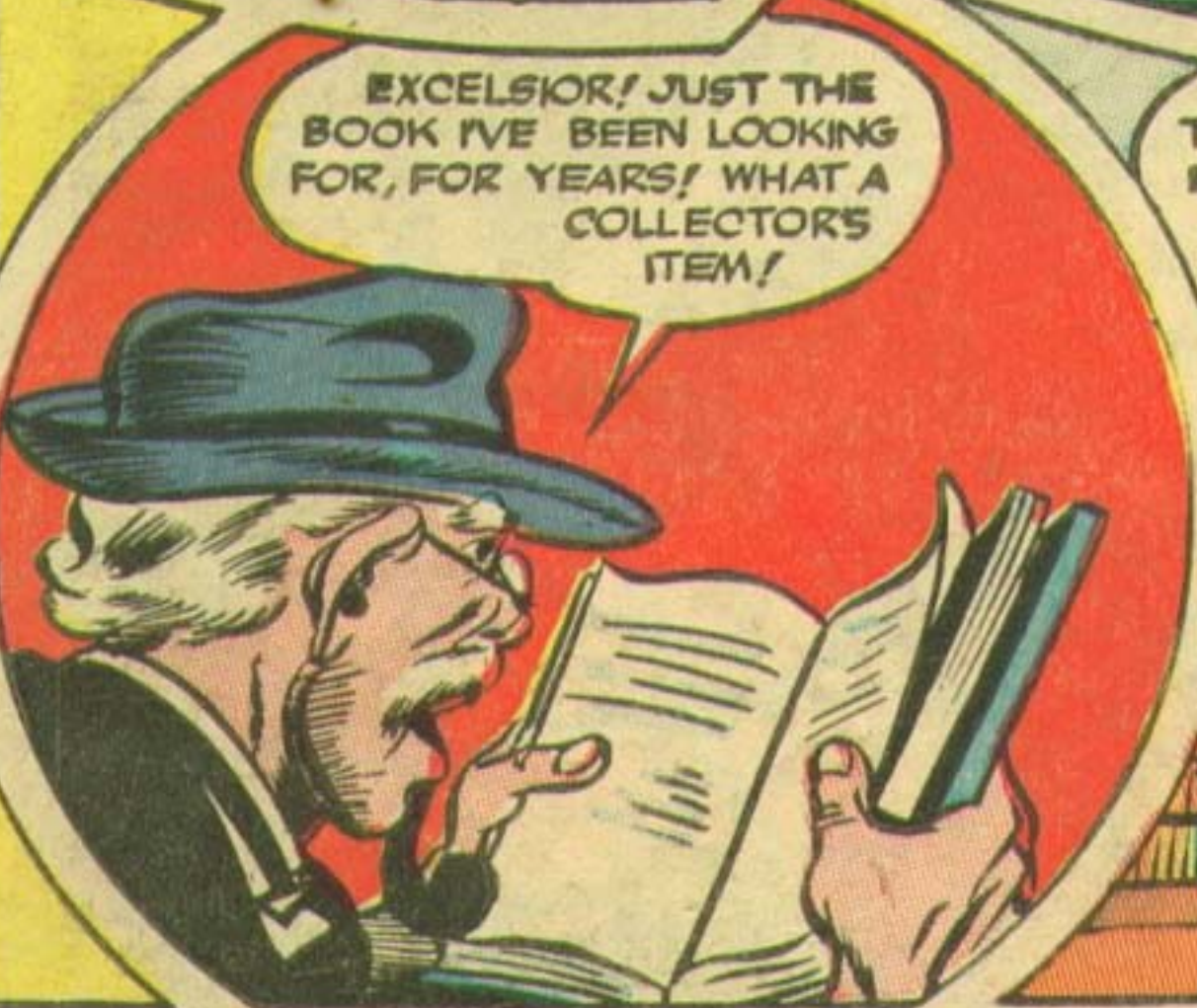
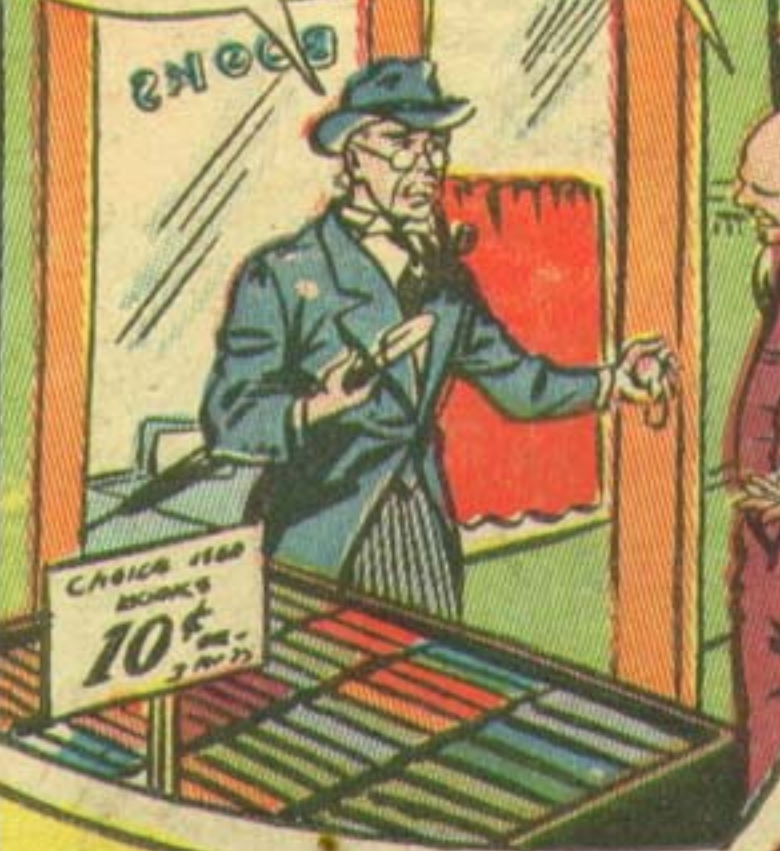
GOOD EVENING,  
GOOD EVENING,  
MIND IF I BROWSE  
AROUND A BIT,  
MR. WITHERS?

GOOD  
EVENING,  
PROFESSOR  
ANDIVE!

GO RIGHT AHEAD,  
PROFESSOR! IT'S  
A PLEASURE TO  
HAVE A CUSTOMER  
LIKE YOU IN MY  
STORE!

THANK YOU! HMM--  
I WONDER IF YOU  
HAVE ANY OLD  
COLLECTOR ITEMS  
FOR ME--- LET ME  
SEE----

INTERESTING,  
VERY INTER-  
ESTING ----



EXCELSIOR! JUST THE  
BOOK I'VE BEEN LOOKING  
FOR, FOR YEARS! WHAT A  
COLLECTOR'S  
ITEM!

THIS IS A REMARKABLE  
EDITION OF THE  
ANTHROPOLOGICAL  
FINDINGS IN OUR TIME!

FOR TWO YEARS  
I HAVE THE BOOK  
ON MY SHELVES AND  
YOU FIRST NOTICE IT!



REMARKABLE,  
SIMPLY RE-  
MARKABLE!

HEY- WHY DONT YOU  
LOOK WHERE YOU'RE  
GOING ?



HONK  
BI-I-BIP



ASTONISHING---  
SUCH GENIUS---

LOOK WHERE YA GOW,  
BOOKWORM, YA WANNA  
GET MOJDERED WALK-  
IN AROUND LIKE  
THAT!



OOPS--- I'M TERRIBLY SORRY!

PERFECTLY ALL RIGHT, PROFESSOR ANDIVE!

WHY, IT'S JOHN RAYMOND! SO GLAD TO SEE YOU! HOW HAVE YOU BEEN? YOU MUST EXCUSE ME-- THIS BOOK-- REMARKABLE EDITION! HERE JUST LOOK AT IT!

MUST BE ANOTHER LONG, DRY SCIENCE BOOK!

NOW LET ME SEE-- IT'S BEEN QUITE A FEW YEARS SINCE YOU WERE IN MY CLASSROOM! YOU KNEW SOMETHING-- I LIKED YOU!

JUST AS I IMAGINED, ANTHROPOLOGICAL FINDINGS!

THAT NIGHT, A SOFT CHAIR, HIS FAVORITE PIPE AND A GOOD BOOK

THE SAME NIGHT-- MINUTES LATER AT THE HOME OF JOHN RAYMOND.

THANKS FOR THE COMPLIMENT, PROFESSOR-- BUT DON'T LET ME KEEP YOU FROM YOUR BOOK!

YES--YES, GOOD DAY JOHN!

AH, AT LAST-- NOW TO READ IN PEACE---

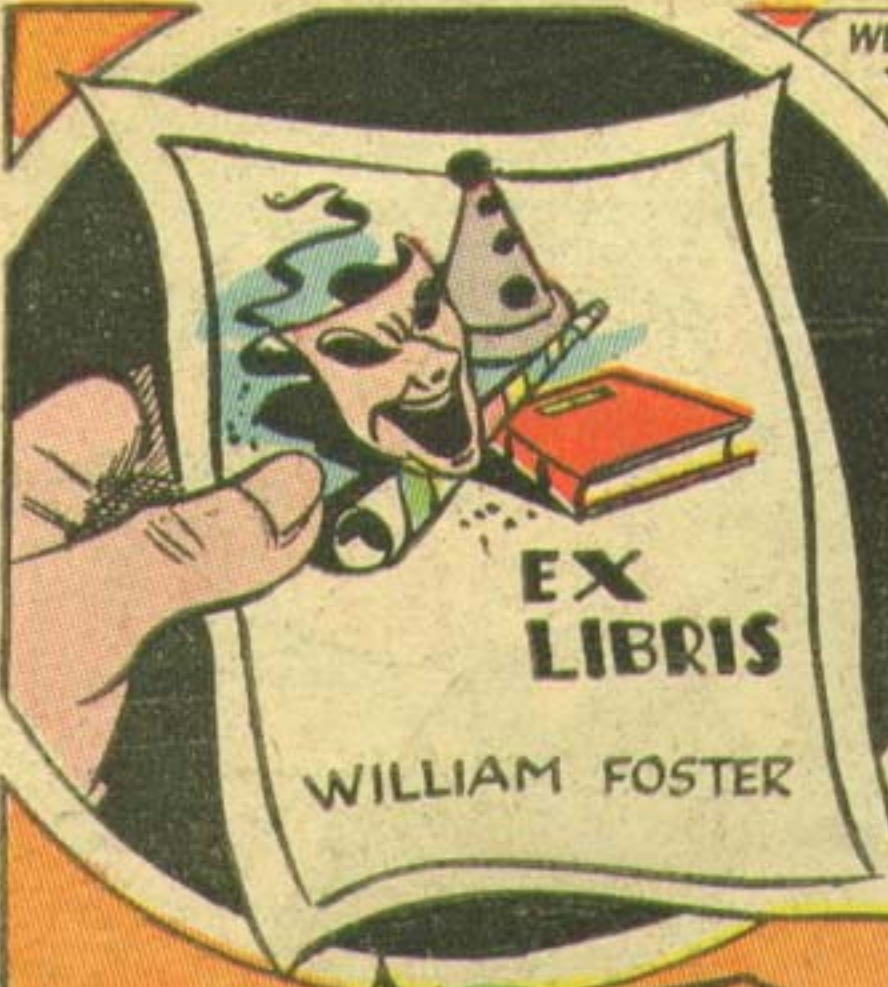
WHAT'S THAT? PROFESSOR ANDI--- KEEP EVERYTHING AS IT IS! I'LL BE RIGHT OVER!

LOOKS LIKE HE JUST DIED OF A HEART ATTACK! NOTHING ELSE BUT!

YES, YES, SERGEANT! WHAT'S THAT IN HIS HAND?

THAT'S PECULIAR! HE HAS A DEATH GRIP ON THIS BOOK MARK-- BUT WHERE'S THE BOOK?





WELL, THANKS FOR YOUR COOPERATION, SERGEANT--- I'LL BE SEEING YOU!

NOW DON'T GO OFF ON ANY WILD GOOSE CHASES! JOHN, I TELL YA IT'S A NATURAL DEATH-- SO DON'T GO LOOKING FOR ANY MURDERER!

BACK AT HIS HOME, JOHN RAYMOND, MASTER CRIMINOLOGIST, LOOKS THROUGH HIS CRIME FILES----

C--D--E--F--FOS--TER! HERE IT IS! I KNEW I REMEMBERED THAT NAME! THIS WORK CALLS FOR THE WEB!



SECONDS LATER--A LIGHTNING CHANGE-- JOHN RAYMOND EMERGES IN THE FAMILIAR GARB OF THE WEB.

THE WEB RACES GRIMLY, STEADILY THROUGH THE STREETS TOWARD THE STATE PENITENTIARY---



WARDEN FLICK-- I THINK YOU CAN SOLVE A LITTLE QUESTION FOR ME! DO YOU HAVE A PRISONER NAMED WILLIAM FOSTER?

WHAT'S THIS--OH IT'S YOU, WEB--- WHAT'S UP?

FOSTER?-- WILLIAM-- WHY YES--- HE WAS PAROLED A FEW DAYS AGO! ANYTHING WRONG?

NO-- NOTHING MUCH, WARDEN, JUST A SLIGHT CASE OF MURDER!

MURDER? THAT TROUBLE MAKER AGAIN! WHAT WAS IT THIS TIME-- ROBBERY?

NO, WARDEN-- DEFINITELY NOT ROBBERY-- JUST AN OLD BOOK MISSING! DO YOU HAVE FOSTER'S ADDRESS?









YOU FILTHY COWARD!  
MURDER A POOR, HARM-  
LESS PROFESSOR, WILL YOU?

THE ELECTRIC  
CHAIR IS TOO  
GOOD A FATE  
FOR YOU!

NOW WHY DID  
YOU DO IT?

I DIDN'T MURD  
HIM! I SWEAR, I  
DIDN'T! WE  
STRUGGLED OV  
THE BOOK - MY B  
AND HE SUDDENL  
KEELED OVER!

STRUGGLED  
OVER *THE*  
BOOK, EH?  
WHAT'S IN IT?

ALL RIGHT! I'LL TELL YOU  
WHAT'S IN THAT BOOK! I  
DON'T WANT ANY MURDER  
RAP HUNG ON ME NOW!  
NOT AFTER ALL THESE  
YEARS IN THE PEN!

IN THAT BOOK  
YOU'LL FIND---  
OOOOOO

THAT SHOT!  
IT CAME  
FROM THE  
NEXT  
ROOM!

BANG





BUT AS THE MANTLED FIGURE OF THE WEB CRASHES INTO THE NEXT ROOM----

NOW I'LL FINISH YOU OFF, MR. WEB! WHAT'S THAT? --- FOOTSTEPS!

NO TIME TO LOSE NOW! MUST GET OUT OF HERE WITH THIS BOOK!

WHAT'S GOING ON HERE? WHAT'S ALL THE SHOOTIN' ABOUT? GLORY BE--- IT'S THE **WEB!**

WHO KILLED WHO? WHO'S FOSTER? WHAT'S THIS ALL ABOUT?

WHERE'D THE KILLER GO? IS FOSTER DEAD?

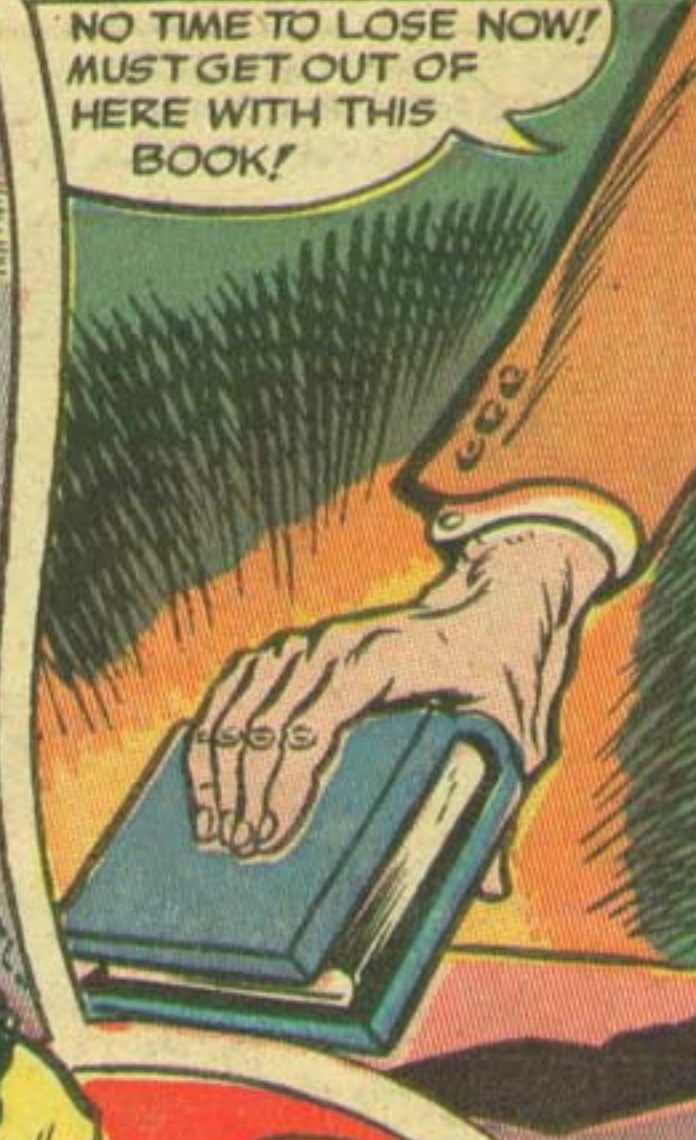
THIS **WAS** FOSTER! AND HE'S DEAD ALL RIGHT!

HMMM---

O.K. WEB, NICE PIECE OF ACTING! NOW JUST COME ALONG QUIETLY, YOU'RE UNDER ARREST!

YOU THINK--- WELL, HOW DO YOU LIKE THAT? SORRY, OFFICER---

BUT I'LL APOLOGIZE **AFTER** I GET THE MURDERER!





MINUTES LATER - THE AGILE  
FIGURE OF THE WEB MAKES  
HIS WAY INTO A DARKEN-  
ED OFFICE---

BOY--AM I IN A  
SPOT NOW! I HAVEN'T  
MUCH TIME TO CLEAR  
MYSELF!

AH! I KNEW THIS  
PAROLE OFFICE WOULD HAVE THE  
INFORMATION I  
WANT--AND HERE  
IT IS!

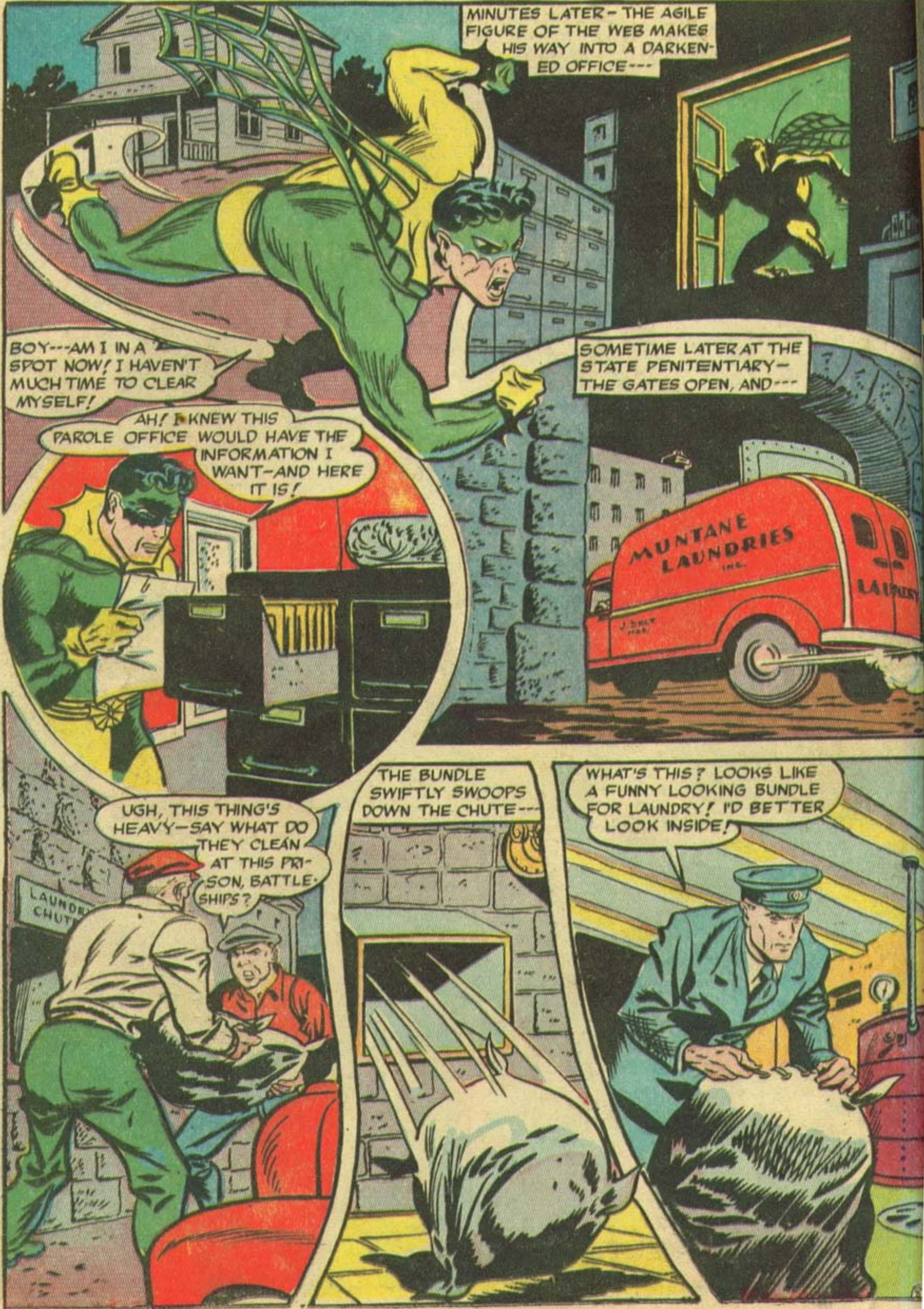
SOMETIME LATER AT THE  
STATE PENITENTIARY--  
THE GATES OPEN, AND---

THE BUNDLE  
SWIFTLY SWOOPS  
DOWN THE CHUTE---

WHAT'S THIS? LOOKS LIKE  
A FUNNY LOOKING BUNDLE  
FOR LAUNDRY! I'D BETTER  
LOOK INSIDE!

UGH, THIS THING'S  
HEAVY--SAY WHAT DO  
THEY CLEAN  
AT THIS PRI-  
SON, BATTLE-  
SHIPS?

LAUNDRY  
CHUTE





WHEW! IF MY HUNCH DOESN'T WORK,  
THEY'LL THROW THE KEY AWAY  
ON ME - WITH ALL THE  
DAMAGE I'VE DONE  
TO THE POLICE!

WHAM

YES, GUARD,  
WHAT IS IT?

WARDEN, I JUST  
GOT WIND OF A  
PLANNED PRISON  
BREAK, AND I  
THOUGHT YOU'D  
LIKE TO KNOW!

WHAT'S  
THAT?

HELLO --- HELLO --- POST  
EVERY GUARD ON DUTY!  
THERE MAY BE A PRISON  
BREAK! SOUND NO ALARMS,  
I'LL TAKE CHARGE OF  
THIS PERSONALLY!

I'M GOING TO PER-  
SONALLY CHECK  
ON EVERY CELL!  
BACK TO YOUR  
POST, GUARD!

YESSIR!

WELL, THAT WORKED!  
NOW I'LL HAVE TO  
WORK FAST BEFORE  
WARDEN FLICK  
GETS BACK!



NOT A THING HERE! SO FAR-- NOT SO GOOD! BUT IF YOU DON'T SUCCEED AT FIRST, TRY, TRY AGAIN!

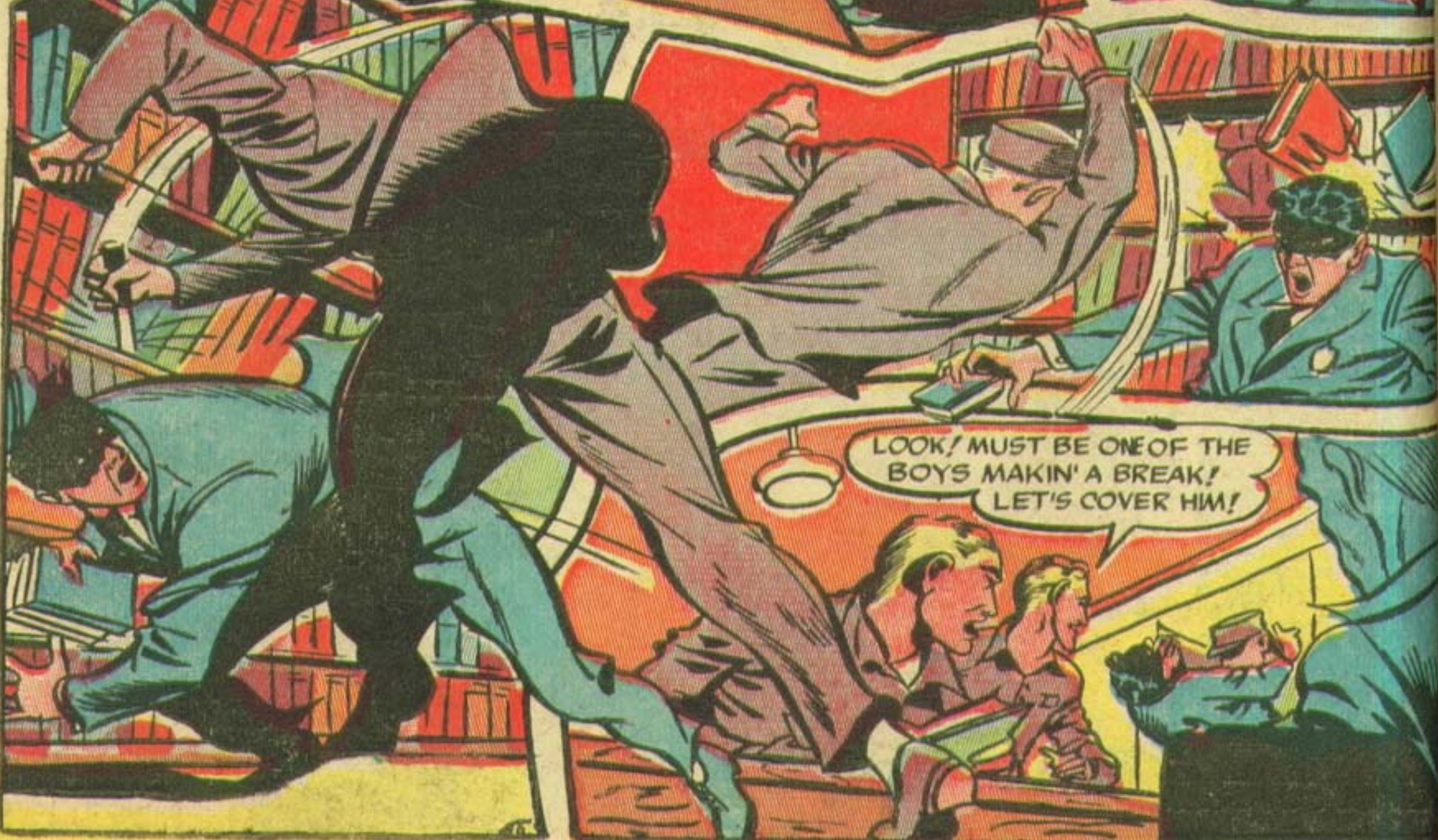
SAY! THE LIBRARY, WHY DIDN'T I THINK OF IT BEFORE!



THIS IS THE ONE! THE PROFESSOR'S BO THICK BINDING AND ALL

HI! THE WARDEN WANTS ME TO BRING HIM THE LATEST MYSTERY BOOK!

HA, HA, SURE THING- HELP YOURSELF!



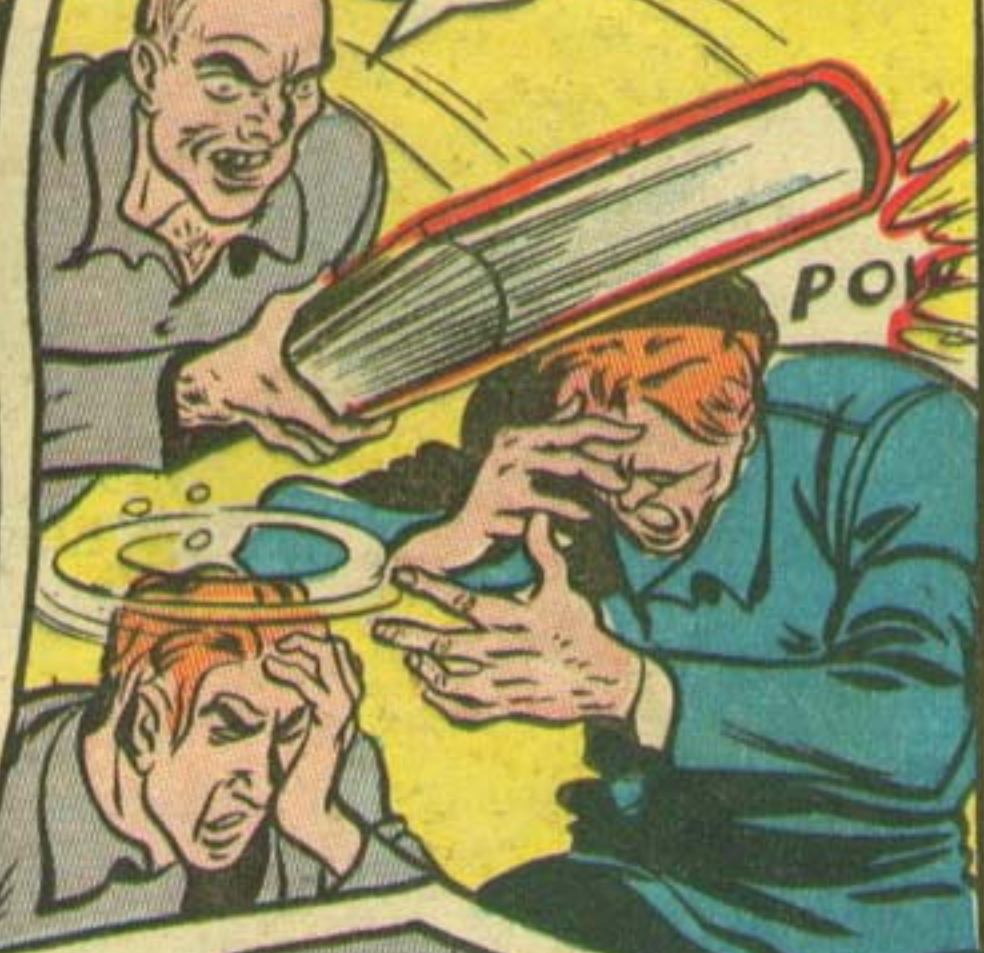
LOOK! MUST BE ONE OF THE BOYS MAKIN' A BREAK! LET'S COVER HIM!



BREAK! THE YELL GOES THROUGH THE LIBRARY, AND IN A MOMENT ALL IS BEDLAM ----



TAKE THIS, COPPER --- SORRY I COULDN'T FIND A BIGGER BOOK!



DARN THOSE PRISONERS! NOW THAT GUY GOT AWAY! THEY ALL LOOK ALIKE!



MEANWHILE, THE WEB'S SHADOWED ASSAILANT, MAKES HIS WAY THROUGH THE PRISON---



UGH!



WHY, THAT DIRTY MURDERER! THIS TIME HE'S COMMITTED HIS LAST ONE!



THEY HAVEN'T GOT ME TRAPPED YET! JUST ACROSS THIS YARD AND I'M ALL SET!



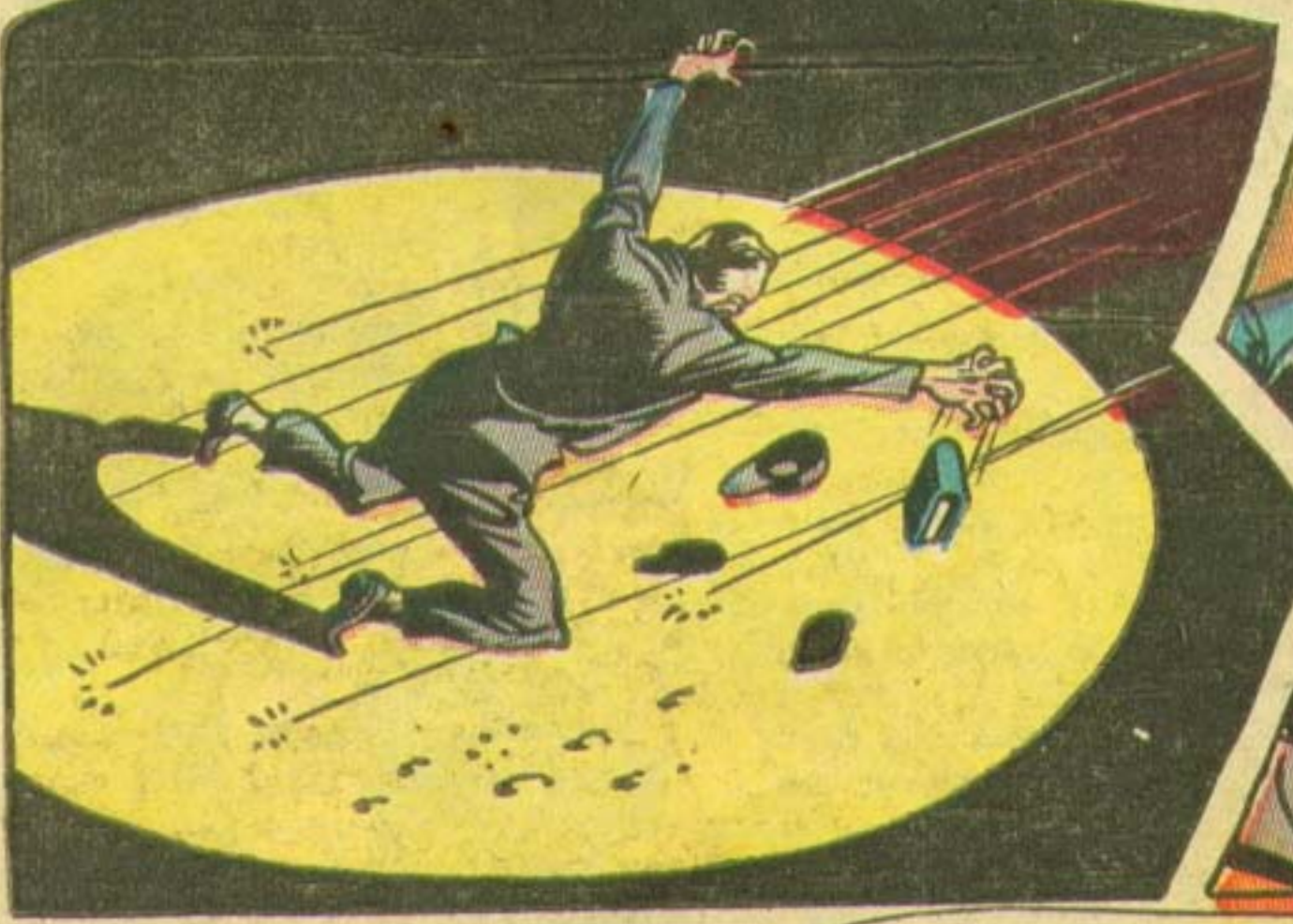




AH---A FEW MORE STEPS TO THAT DOOR--AND I'M IN THE CLEAR!



THERE HE GOES! LET HIM HAVE IT!



IT'S -- IT'S WARDEN FLICK!

WHAT'S HE DOING IN THAT PRISONER'S OUTFIT?

WAIT-- HE'S TRYING TO ANSWER YOU!



ALL---ALL RIGHT, MIGHT AS WELL MAKE CLEAN BREAST--- FOSTER WAS UP FOR ROBBING BANK--- HID MONEY BEFORE THEY GOT HIM!---- I--I--GOT HIM PAROLED--- FIGURED HE WOULD LEAD ME TO MONEY! THEN YOU HORNED IN--- HAD TO GET RID OF YOU, TOO!



YES, I SUSPECTED IT WAS YOU, FLICK! FIRST, YOU WERE THE ONLY ONE WHO KNEW I HAD GONE TO FOSTER'S, SO IT HAD TO BE YOU WHO KILLED HIM! THEN WHEN I FOUND OUT IT WAS YOU WHO RECOMMENDED HIS PAROLE!---- FLICK--- FLICK-----



---HE'S DEAD!--- KILLED! HE WAS KILLED BY A WEB OF CRIME HE COULD NEVER ESCAPE!

AND HERE'S WHERE THE MONEY WAS HIDDEN ALL THE TIME, GUARDS-- IN THE BINDING OF THIS BOOK! BUT NOW IT'S GOING BACK WHERE IT BELONGS!

The END



# THE PARALYZED THUMB

## A WEB STORY

BY FLYNN V. LIVINGSTON

THE bullet bit into Michael Dean's shoulder . . . but he didn't cry out. He didn't make a sound. He couldn't. He was a mute. . . .

But his family heard the shot and they came rushing into his room. They saw him lying on the floor with blood gushing from his right shoulder . . . saw him writing awkwardly with his left hand, attempting to tell his family in a note what he couldn't tell them by word of mouth. Across the room was an open window. It was only a five foot drop to an alley downstairs, and the attacker had apparently escaped this way. The gun was lying on the ground downstairs.

Dorothy Dean, Michael's sister, had an idea. She took the note and went to see John Raymond, a criminologist friend. When she returned to the house Raymond was with her.

The note was simple.

"Madman attacked me. Came in through window, rushed at me and shot me in shoulder. Never saw him before."

When Raymond entered the house, the police had already come and gone. Ditto the doctor. Michael Dean's family was clustered around him, acting tender and sympathetic. It was a pretty little family scene, but Raymond's keen eyes fixed themselves briefly on Michael Ray's right hand . . . and he wondered if there might not be more to it than an escaped madman . . .

He stepped up to Michael Dean and examined his right hand. "What's wrong with his thumb?" he asked Dorothy.

The thumb wasn't a pretty sight. It was stiff, paralyzed.

Dorothy stared. "Why—why, I don't know," she said. "I never noticed it before."

Raymond turned to the wounded man. "You, Dean," he

said. "You can hear me, can't you?"

Michael Dean nodded his blond head. There were tears deep in his eyes. Dorothy hissed, near Raymonds' ear. "He can hear you. He's mute—but not deaf."

"All right," said Raymond. "What's wrong with your thumb, Dean?"

Dean reached for his pad. Stiffly, he scrawled:

"Can't understand it myself. It was all right this morning. I was using my right hand to hold my book up till the time I was attacked, and my thumb was all right."

Raymond nodded. "I see," he said. "Look, Dean, your note says that you never saw your attacker before. It doesn't seem logical that a man—even a maniac—would come through a window, shoot at you, and jump back out again unless he had something against you—some specific desire to hurt or kill you. Are you positive that you never saw him before? Couldn't you perhaps have forgotten?"

Dean shook his blond head. "No," he scrawled on the pad, "definitely *no!* I wouldn't forget. I never saw him before in my life."

"I'll take your word for it," Raymond said. "Then how about other motives. Robbery? Do you have anything valuable here that a thief might want to rob?"

Contempt flared in Dean's eyes. He lifted the pad. "Don't be a fool. There's nothing here worth robbing. And I tell you this man was insane. He opened the window and saw me—and he laughed, a shrill funny kind of laugh, and he came right in and shot me. A thief, seeing me in the house, would have rushed away."

Raymond thought for a moment then shrugged his shoulders. "I suppose you've given the police a description of the ma-

niac," he said. "What did he look like?"

"He was tall," Dean wrote, "tall and unshaven. Black stubble; heavy black eyebrows. Long black hair, dark eyes. Wearing a dirty brown suit. That's all I saw."

"That's plenty," Raymond said. "I guess this is just routine. The police'll pick him up." He walked to the door.

And then at the door, he stopped. "I almost forgot," he said. "Dorothy, will you come over here for a minute?"

She came over.

"There's something I forgot to ask," Raymond said. "Has Michael been mute all his life?"

"Why," said Dorothy, "as a matter of fact, he hasn't. He had a streak of bad luck four years ago, and the failure of his vocal cords came right on the tail end of it."

"Let's hear about this streak of bad luck," Raymond said.

Dorothy's eyes clouded. "First," she said, "Michael's business went bankrupt—and he was left without a cent. Then, suddenly, Michael's wife contracted pneumonia—and she died. And right on top of that, Michael woke one morning and found himself unable to speak and the doctor couldn't do anything about it. . . ."

Raymond nodded thoughtfully. "I see." He drew a deep breath. "Well, Dorothy, sorry I can't be of any help—but the police operate dragnets . . . and they've the facilities to capture the maniac. Any attempts I would make would be amateur stuff."

He waved goodbye to the entire family and left.

And outside, he became The Web. Then, quickly, he set to work.

He knew it wasn't any use doing so, but he checked anyway. He checked with every insane asylum and sanitarium



within two hundred miles and learned that no inmate had escaped.

And then he went back to Michael Dean's house. . . .

Dean's family was still gathered around him. They stared as The Web entered the room.

"Dean," The Web said, "listen to me. I've come to help you."

Dean breathed heavily for a moment. Then he lifted his pad and wrote, "I recognize you. How do you mean—help me?"

It was then that Dean noticed that The Web had a small, medical-type bag with him. "Dean," The Web said, "I'm going to restore your voice!"

Again Dean's pencil moved across his pad, and his fingers shook as he did so. "How?"

"I work for the happiness of people," The Web said. "I make my own law—I don't have to follow medical restrictions . . . like doctors. I'm going to attempt a treatment which doctors would be afraid to try. If you're willing to take the chance. I can restore your voice."

Dean's hands shook. "Anything. I'll take any chance. . . ."

"All right," said The Web. "Lie back in your chair."

Several members of the family protested, but The Web waved them aside. "Boiling water—quickly." He put a white rag over Dean's nostrils and lifted a small bottle from his bag.

"This won't put you to sleep," he said. "It's just going to dull your senses and lessen the pain a bit. Get ready now."

He opened the bottle and poured a few drops onto the rag. Dean's breathing became heavier.

Then The Web lifted a long pointed instrument from his bag. He dipped it momentarily in the hot water, and then, swiftly, plunged it down Dean's throat. Dean's body twitched. The Web jabbed the instrument once, gently, and then withdrew it.

"You're in luck," said The

Web. "I punctured a mucous stoppage which was keeping your vocal cords from operating. Try to talk."

A sound issued from Dean's throat . . . a gargling sound, hideous and horrible. And then Dean shrieked, "I can speak! I can speak. . . ."

The Web smiled. "Look at your thumb—the paralyzed thumb my friend John Raymond described to me."

Dean stared downward. The thumb was normal again. . . .

"That operation I performed was a phony," The Web said. "I'm not a surgeon. I don't know anything about operating . . ."

Dean stared. "But—but I don't understand. Then how . . ."

"Look," said The Web, "I don't know anything about operations—but as a crimefighter I do know a great deal about the mental workings of people—about psychiatry. That's how I was able to analyze your case, as soon as Raymond discussed it with me, as *anaesthesia*."

The Web paused. "Let me tell you a little about *anesthesia*," he said. "It's a funny mental disease—the strangest known to psychiatric science, perhaps. And only one person can cure it—the patient himself."

"It appears, generally, just after a man or woman has just had a series of mental shocks and bad breaks—when that man or woman is beginning to feel terribly sorry for himself or herself. It's kind of mental pleading for sympathy—a begging for people to help the patient be miserable . . ."

"I don't understand," Dean said again. "Are you trying to tell me . . ."

"Let me finish my explanation," said The Web. "At any rate, when a man has this mental desire for sympathy—something subconscious and strange happens. He becomes paralyzed. Sometimes it's an arm—sometimes it's a leg—and sometimes, Dean, it's the vocal cords. The victim becomes paralyzed—as

definitely paralyzed as if it were a true physical paralysis. Well, there have been cases where patient pushed lighted cigarettes against his leg—and he hypnotized himself so thoroughly into believing that the leg was paralyzed that he didn't even feel pain.

"That's what happened with you, Michael. You just carried it further than some other. You've sat around for four years seeking sympathy—and your family was getting a little used to you by now. So you faked this whole business—actually faked a shooting so that your family's sympathy for you could be renewed. And again your hypnosis worked on yourself. Your thumb became paralyzed

The Web walked to the door. "There's a treatment for anaesthetic patients," he said. "Your doctor must be a general practitioner with a gullible mind and no knowledge whatsoever of mental ailments . . . otherwise he would have used this treatment on you long ago. Just as the patient has hypnotized himself into thinking he's paralyzed . . . so must the psychiatrist hypnotize him into thinking he's been cured. I dropped some ordinary water on a piece of rag over your nostrils . . . dipped the surgical instrument into boiling water—just to give you the illusion of an operation. Then I simply touched your throat with the instrument—and the momentary pain, plus my talk about attempting a treatment doctors would be afraid to try, hypnotized you into thinking you'd been cured. Naturally your 'paralyzed' thumb—which had become that way during your new surge of desire for pity when you pulled that phony shooting—became normal in a hurry."

He opened the door. "Get wise to yourself, Dean," he said. "Stop feeling sorry for yourself—and go out and get a job."

Then he slammed the door behind him and went out into the night.

STATEMENT OF THE OWNERSHIP, MANAGEMENT, CIRCULATION, ETC., REQUIRED BY THE ACTS OF CONGRESS OF AUGUST 24, 1912, AND MARCH 3, 1933.  
Of Zip Comics, published monthly at St. Louis, Mo., for October 1st, 1942.  
County of New York, State of New York.  
Refers me, Maurice Coyne, personally appeared Louis H. Silberkleit, who, having been duly sworn according to law, deposes and says that he is the publisher of Zip Comics, and that the following is, to the best of his knowledge and belief, a true statement of the ownership, management (and if a daily paper, the circulation) etc., of the aforesaid publication for the date shown in the above caption, required by the Act of August 24, 1912, as amended by the Act of March 3, 1933, embodied in section 4112, Postal

Laws and Regulations, printed on the reverse of this form, to wit:  
1. That the names and addresses of the publisher, editor, managing editor, and business managers are: Publisher, Louis H. Silberkleit, 168 West Broadway, New York City; editor, Harry Shostet, 124 West Broadway, New York City; managing editor, John L. Goldwater, 168 West Broadway, New York City; business manager, Louis H. Silberkleit, 168 West Broadway, New York City.  
2. That the owner is (if owned by a corporation, its name and address must be stated and also immediately thereunder the names and addresses of stockholders owning or holding one per cent or more of total amount of stock. If not owned by a corporation, the names and addresses of the individual owners must be given. If owned by a firm, partnership, or other unincorporated concern, its name and address, as well as those of each individual member, must be given.) M. S. S. Magazine, 228, 168 West

Broadway, New York City; Louis H. Silberkleit, 168 West Broadway, New York City; Maurice Coyne, 168 West Broadway, New York City; John L. Goldwater, 168 West Broadway, New York City.  
3. That the known stockholders, mortgagees, and other security holders owning or holding 1 per cent or more of the total amount of bonds, mortgages, or other securities are: (If there are none so stated.) None.  
4. That the two paragraphs next above, giving the names of the owners, stockholders, and security holders, if any, contain not only the list of stockholders and security holders as they appear upon the books of the company but also, in cases where the stockholder or security holder appears upon the books of the company as trustee or in any other fiduciary relation, the name of the person or corporation for whom such trustee is acting, is given; and that the said two paragraphs contain statements embracing affiant's full knowledge and belief as to

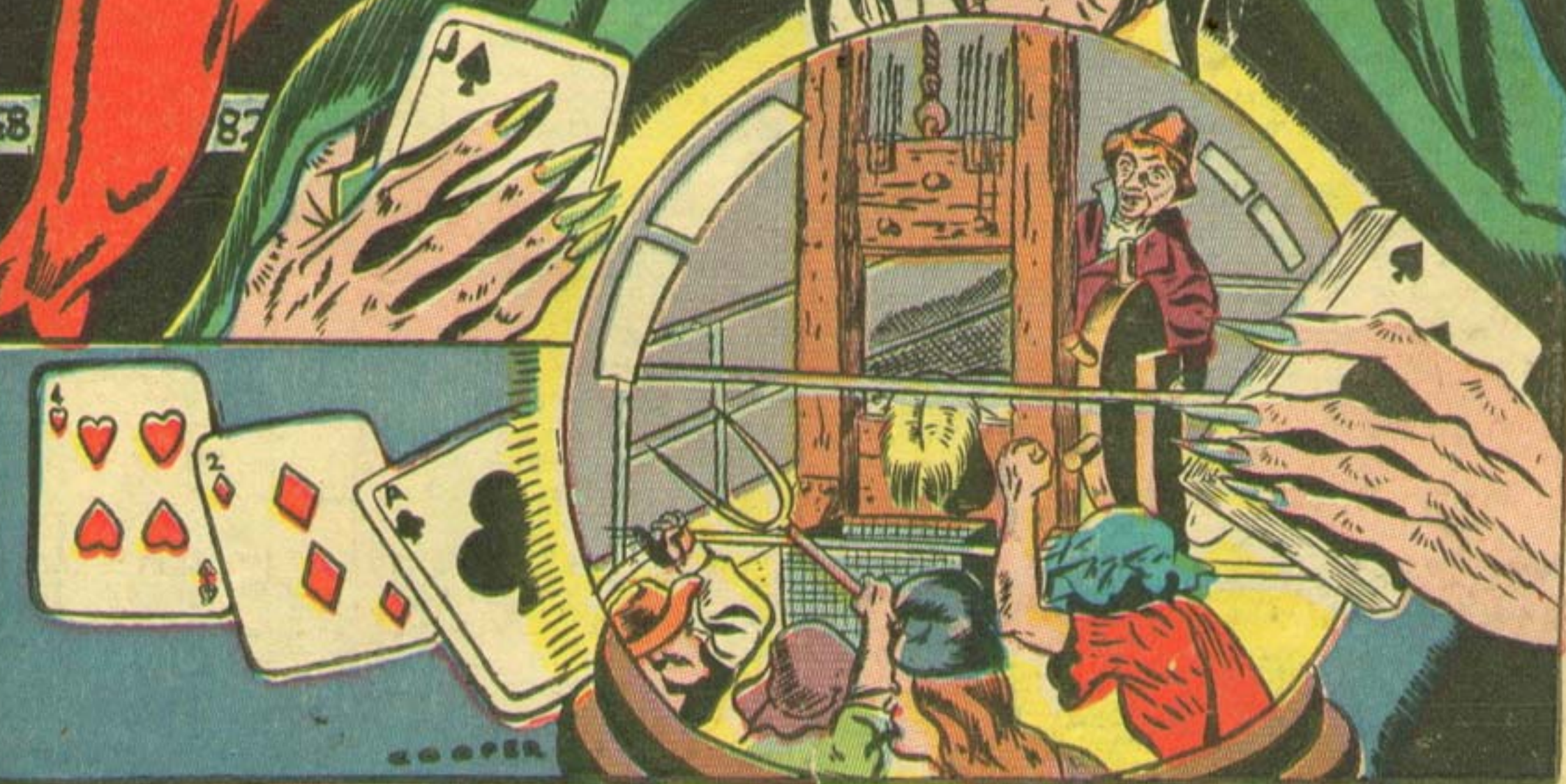
the circumstances and conditions under which such stockholders and security holders who do not appear upon the books of the company as trustees, hold and secure in a capacity other than that of bona fide owners; and this affiant has no reason to believe that any other person, partnership, or corporation has any interest direct or indirect in said stock, bonds or other securities than as is stated by him.  
5. That the average number of copies of each issue of this publication sold or distributed, through the mails or otherwise, to paid subscribers during the twelve months preceding the date shown above is: (This information is required from daily publications only.)  
LOUIS H. SILBERKLEIT,  
Publisher.  
Sworn to and subscribed before me this 20th day of September, 1942. Maurice Coyne, (33p) Commissioner of Internal Revenue.  
1942



# BLACK JACK



**HA! HA!** WHAT FOOLS THESE MORTALS BE! SEE HOW THEY SWAGGER AND STRUT IN THEIR FALSE PRIDE, BUT THEY ARE JUST PUNY PAWNS IN A GAME OF LIFE AND DEATH! AND IT IS I, **DAME OF FATE**, WHO DEALS THE CARDS!!



COOPER



AH 1789! WHAT A YEAR OF TERROR! WAR, BLOOD AND DEATH! ONLY THE STRONG COULD SURVIVE! WEAKLINGS WERE SWEEP ASIDE IN THE HEAT OF THE STRUGGLE!

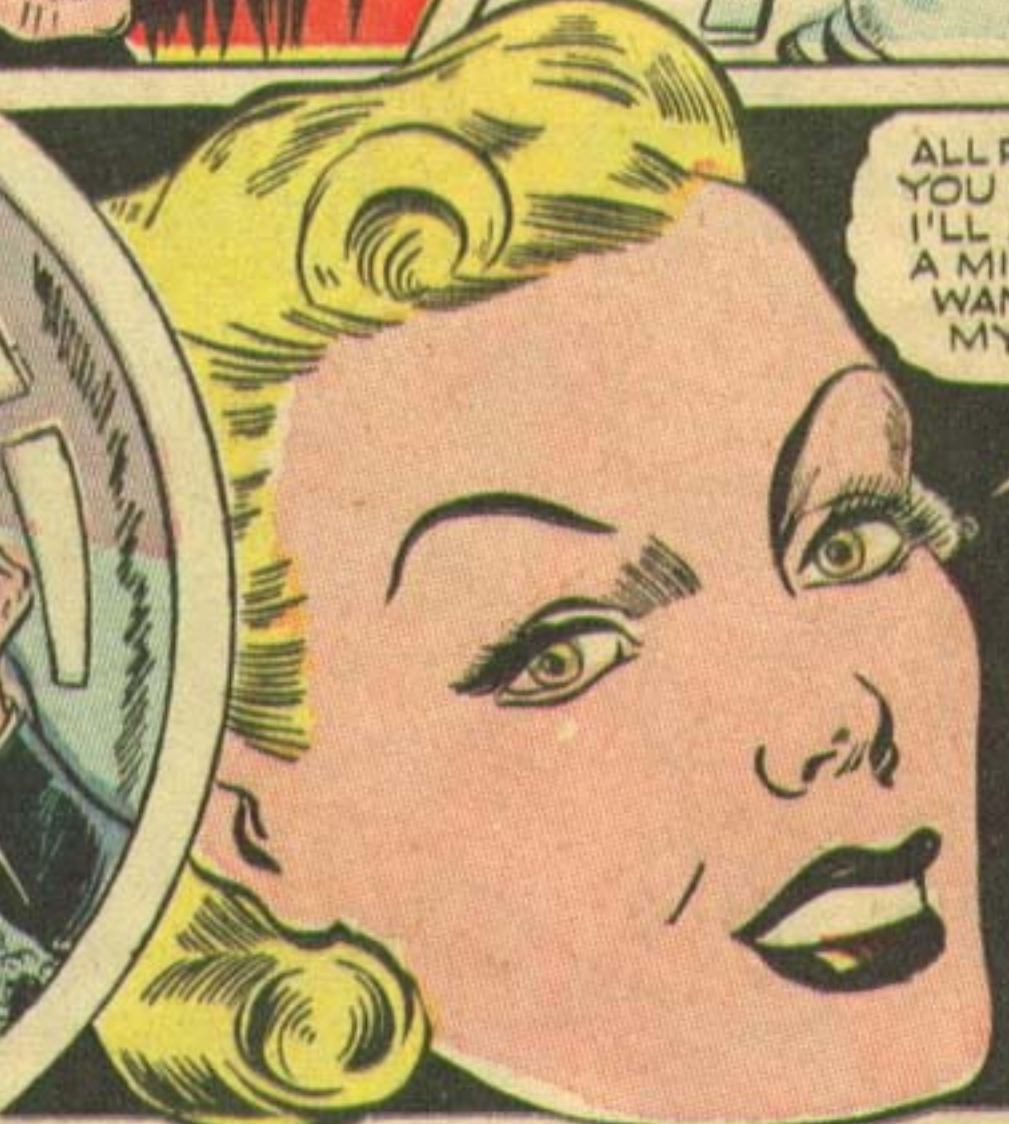
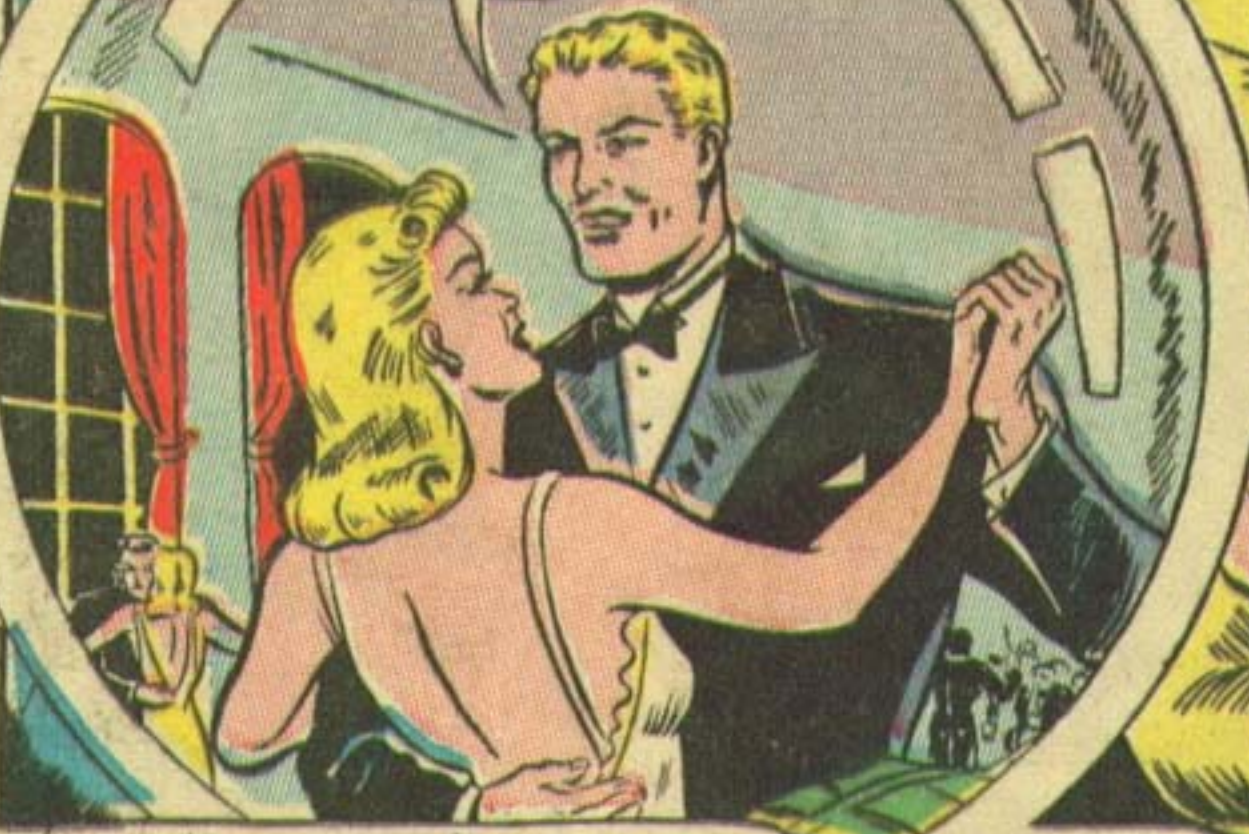
TODAY, MORTALS ARE AGAIN CALLING FOR MEN OF ACTION! BORN FIGHTERS, LIKE BLACKJACK, MUST LEAD THE STRUGGLE AGAINST INJUSTICE AND TYRANNY!

I WONDER HOW BLACKJACK WOULD HAVE FARED IN THOSE BLOODY DAYS! HA! I HAVE AN IDEA - A MOST INTERESTING IDEA! BUT FIRST TO FIND BLACKJACK - AH! THERE HE IS, IN THAT GRAND BALLROOM----



IT'S VERY STUFFY IN HERE, JUDY! LET'S STEP OUT ON THE VERANDA FOR A WHILE!

ALL RIGHT, JACK, YOU GO AHEAD. I'LL JOIN YOU IN A MINUTE. I WANT TO POWDER MY NOSE!



THAT'S FUNNY! I FEEL AS IF SOMEONE WERE WATCHING ME! BUT THERE'S NO ONE OUT HERE!

HA! HA! LITTLE DO YOU SUSPECT, BLACKJACK, THAT FATE IS ABOUT TO PLAY A TRICK ON YOU. THIS SHOULD BE VERY AMUSING, INDEED! HA! HA!

WONDER WHAT'S KEEPING JUDY! SO LONG? I FEEL AS IF I'D BEEN WAITING FOR AGES!





BON SOIR, M'SIEUR ARE YOU WAITING FOR SOMEONE?

GREAT SCOTT, JUDY, WHERE'D YOU GET THAT COSTUME? IT'S TERRIFIC!

JUDY? BUT I AM NOT JUDY, I AM VIVIENNE, AND INDEED, IT IS YOUR COSTUME WHICH IS SO STRANGE, M'SIEUR, NOT MINE!

OH, ALL RIGHT! HAVE YOUR LITTLE JOKE! NOW SUPPOSE WE GET BACK TO THE DANCE?

I WOULD BE DELIGHTED, M'SIEUR!

VIVIENNE? B-B-BUT--



BUT INSIDE, JACK JONES IS EVEN MORE AMAZED TO SEE---

THE BALLROOM - IT'S ALL CHANGED! I MUST BE DREAMING! BUT I'M NOT DREAMING!



PERHAPS YOU WOULD RATHER DANCE WITH YOUR JUDY?

I DON'T KNOW WHERE I AM, OR HOW I GOT HERE? WILL YOU PLEASE CLEAR THINGS UP A LITTLE?

WHAT'S THAT SHOUTING?

LOOK, JUDY... OR VIVIENNE... OR WHATEVER YOUR NAME IS...

YOU ARE IN THE GRAND BALLROOM OF KING LOUIS THE XVI, M'SIEUR!





IT IS THE PEOPLE CLAMORING AT THE PALACE GATES! THEY ARE DYING OF HUNGER! PARDONNEZ, M'SIEU, I MUST HURRY UP TO THE QUEEN!



WHAT IS IT, LADY, VIVIENNE?

YOUR MAJESTY, THE PEOPLE ARE STARVING! THEY HAVE NO BREAD! HELP THEM, I BESEECH YOU!



COME, COME, LADY VIVIENNE! ENOUGH OF THESE COMPLAINS! IF THE PEOPLE HAVE NO BREAD, LET THEM EAT CAKE! ON WITH THE BALL-LET EVERYONE BE GAY! I COMMAND IT!



OUTSIDE—

ON TO THE PALACE!



WE DEMAND TO SEE THE KING!

FOOD! WE WANT FOOD!

YOUR MAJESTY, THE PEOPLE HAVE BROKEN THROUGH THE GATES! YOU MUST FLEE AT ONCE!

THIS IS MOST VEXING! MY LOVELY BALL-ROOM RUINED BY THAT RABBLE!



WE DEMAND AN AUDIENCE WITH THE KING!

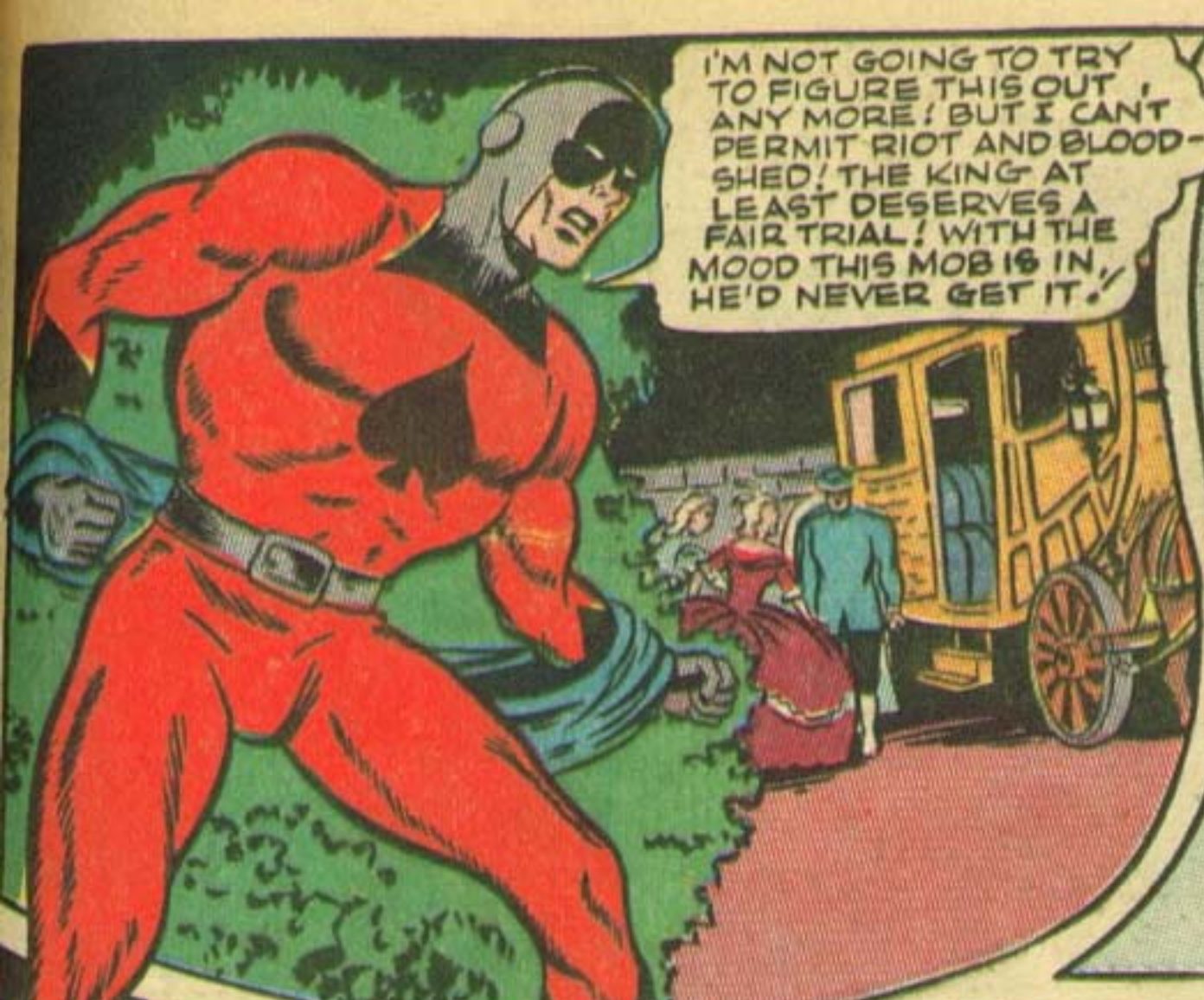
COME QUICKLY, M'SIEUR! WE MUST HELP THEIR MAJESTIES TO ESCAPE! THE PEOPLE ARE MAD WITH HUNGER! THERE'S NO TELLING WHAT THEY MIGHT DO NOW!



THROUGH A SECRET PASSAGE THE ROYAL PARTY LEAVES THE PALACE!







I'M NOT GOING TO TRY TO FIGURE THIS OUT, ANY MORE! BUT I CAN'T PERMIT RIOT AND BLOOD-SHED! THE KING AT LEAST DESERVES A FAIR TRIAL! WITH THE MOOD THIS MOB IS IN, HE'D NEVER GET IT!



BESIDES, I'LL BE ABLE TO PROTECT VIVIENNE! I'M SURE SHE'S NOT TO BLAME FOR ANY OF THIS TROUBLE!



TAKE THIS BAG OF COINS, M'SIEUR! YOU MAY NEED IT TO GET YOURSELF ACROSS THE BORDER!



THE REBELS HAVE BARRICADED THE ROAD, YOUR MAJESTY!



WE CAN'T GET THROUGH! WHOA!

...LOATH TO BATTLE, THE HUNGER-MADDENED PEOPLE, BLACKJACK TRIES TO REASON WITH THEM, BUT WITH NO AVAIL! THE RIOTERS SWARM OVER THE CARRIAGE AND BLACKJACK IS CRUSHED BEFORE THE FURY OF THEIR RUSH!



BACK TO PARIS! TO THE TRIBUNAL!



THE TRIBUNAL HAS FOUND YOU GUILTY OF BETRAYING THE PEOPLE OF FRANCE! YOU SHALL DIE BY THE GUILLOTINE - ALL OF YOU!

WHEW MY HEAD! THAT MOB SURE WAS IN AN UGLY MOOD! THERE'S NO TELLING WHAT THEY'LL DO TO THE KING, QUEEN AND VIVIENNE!

I'LL JUST BORROW THIS FELLOW'S CLOAK AND HORSE -- AND GO AFTER THEM!

THERE'S A HUGE MOB IN THE PUBLIC SQUARE! I'LL FIND OUT WHAT'S HAPPENING!

THE KING AND QUEEN ARE BEHEADED! THE LADY VIVIENNE IS NEXT! WE WILL WIPE OUT THESE ARISTOCRATS! WHO ARE YOU?

OH--ER--I AM ONE OF THE TRIBUNAL! I DO NOT WISH TO BE RECOGNIZED! THAT'S WHY I WEAR THIS MASK!

A SPLENDID CITIZEN! FOR A MOMENT I THOUGHT YOU TOO WERE AN ARISTOCRAT!

WHAT'S HAPPENED TO THE ROYAL PARTY?





THE TRIBUNAL MEETS  
IN THE COURTHOUSE  
OVER THERE!

AT THE COURT HOUSE--  
I DEMAND A PARDON FOR  
LADY VIVIENNE! SHE IS AB-  
SOLUTELY INNOCENT  
OF ANY CRIME  
AGAINST THE FRENCH  
PEOPLE!

NO! SHE IS AN ARISTOCRAT!  
SHE MUST DIE WITH  
THE REST! -- UGH!  
LET ME GO!

I'M NOT  
GOING TO STAND  
BY AND SEE  
INNOCENT PEOPLE  
MURDERED!

STOP, M'SIEUR! I BEG OF  
YOU! I WILL GIVE YOU  
A STAY OF EXECUTION!

SMACK

THIS DECREE  
WILL STOP THE  
EXECUTION!  
IF I CAN REACH  
THE MARKET-  
PLACE IN  
TIME!

MEANWHILE AT  
THE MARKET-  
PLACE.





WAIT! STOP THE EXECUTION!



WHO DARES TO INTERFERE WITH THE PEOPLES' WILL!

I HAVE A DECREE FROM THE TRIBUNAL! RELEASE THE GIRL AT ONCE!



BAH! SO IT IS! TOO BAD! SUCH A LOVELY NECK, TOO!



THIS IS ONLY A STAY, NOT A PARDON! I'LL GET HER SOONER OR LATER! SHE'LL NOT ESCAPE!



SUDDENLY...

STOP! IN THE NAME OF THE TRIBUNAL, DO NOT RELEASE THE GIRL!

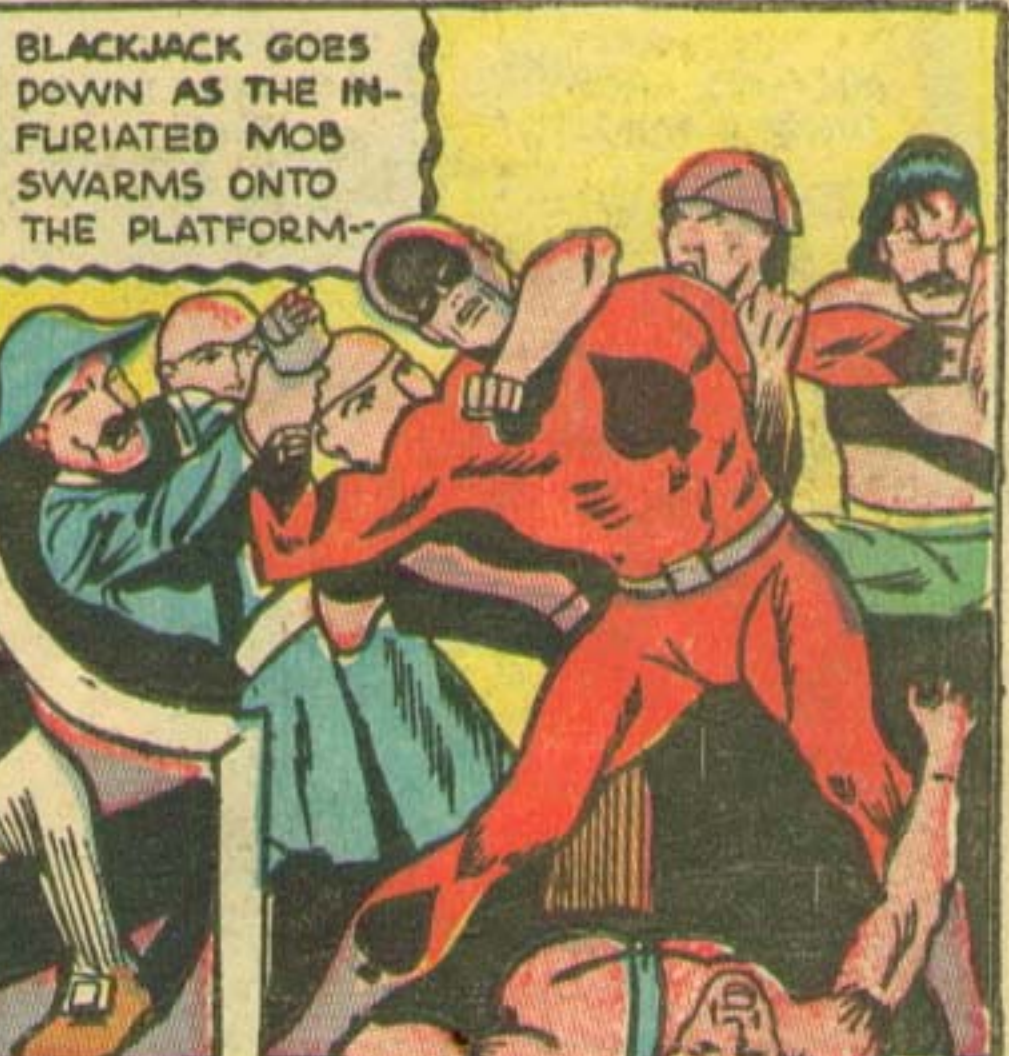


SEIZE HIM! HE IS A ROYALIST SPY!



LET'S HAVE THAT GUN, SOLDIER! LOOKS AS IF I'M GOING TO NEED IT!









AND ON THE EXECUTIONER'S PLATFORM---

SACRE NOM DE DIEU!  
HE HAS DISAPPEARED!  
MAIS C'EST IMPOSSIBLE!



BACK ON THE VERANDA...  
G-GOSH MY HEAD FEELS  
QUEER! I MUST HAVE BEEN  
DREAMING!

HELLO,  
JUDY!  
WERE YOU  
GONE  
LONG?



WHY NO, JACK!  
ONLY A MINUTE!



IT SEEMS LIKE CENTURIES!  
I GUESS I DOZED  
OFF!



LATER..

I HOPE YOU ENJOYED  
THE DANCE! SIR!



OH YES, VERY MUCH!  
THANK YOU.



WELL, OF ALL THE  
QUEER TIPS I EVER  
GOT THIS ONE TAKES  
THE CAKE!



AND LOOKS LIKE REAL GOLD, TOO!

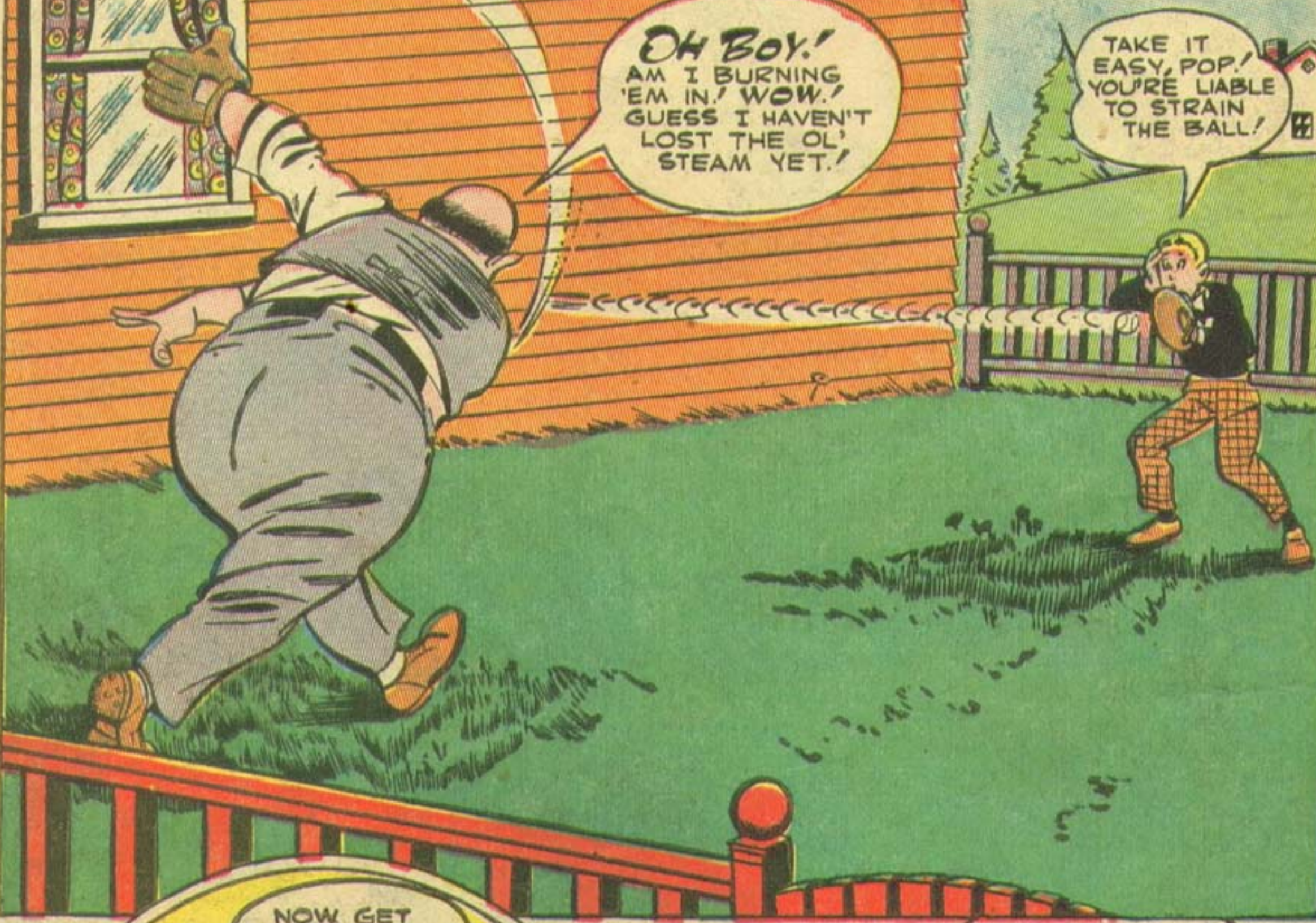
LOUIS-ROI DE FRANCE



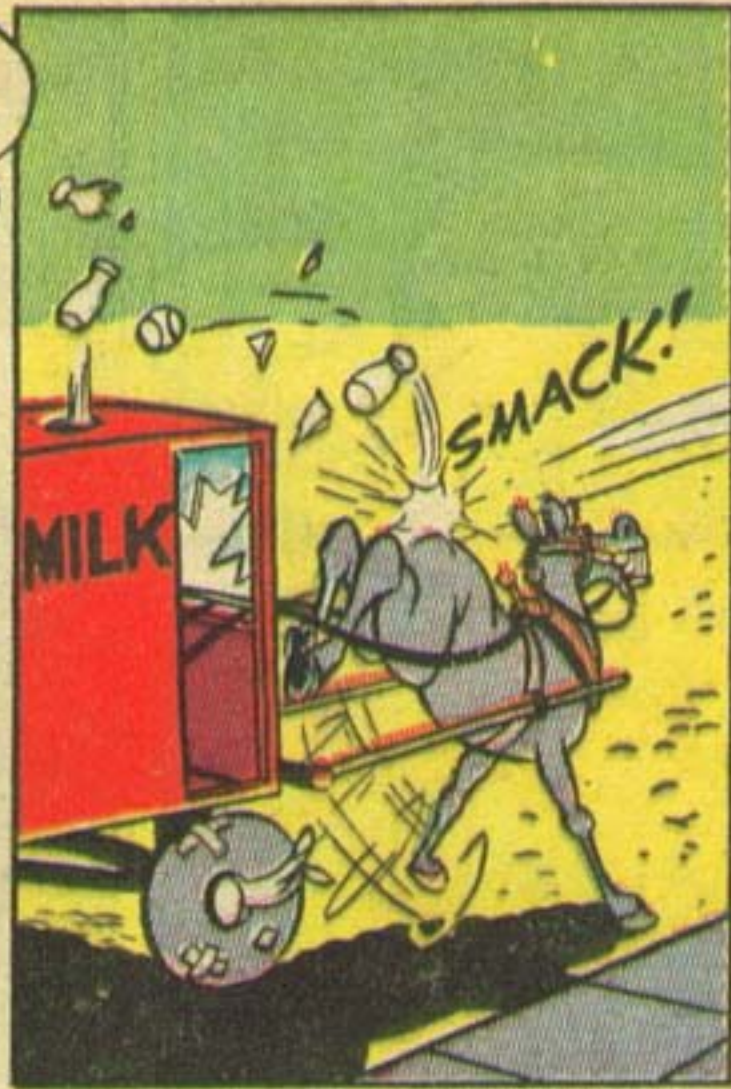




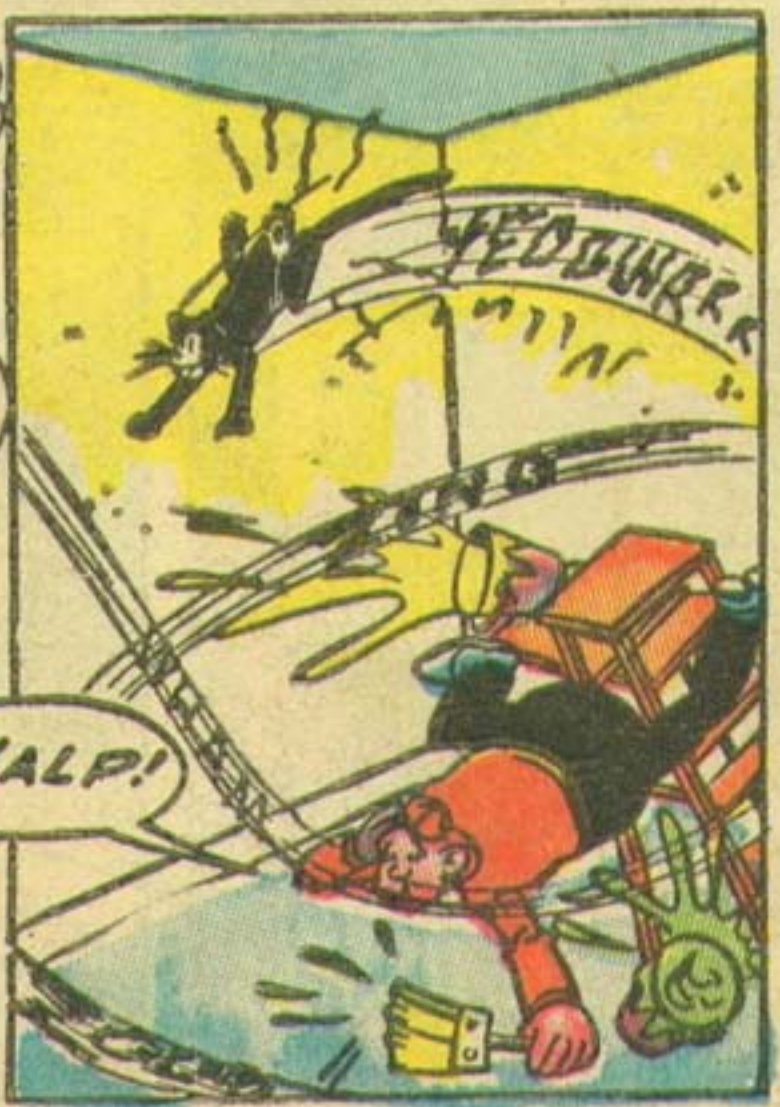
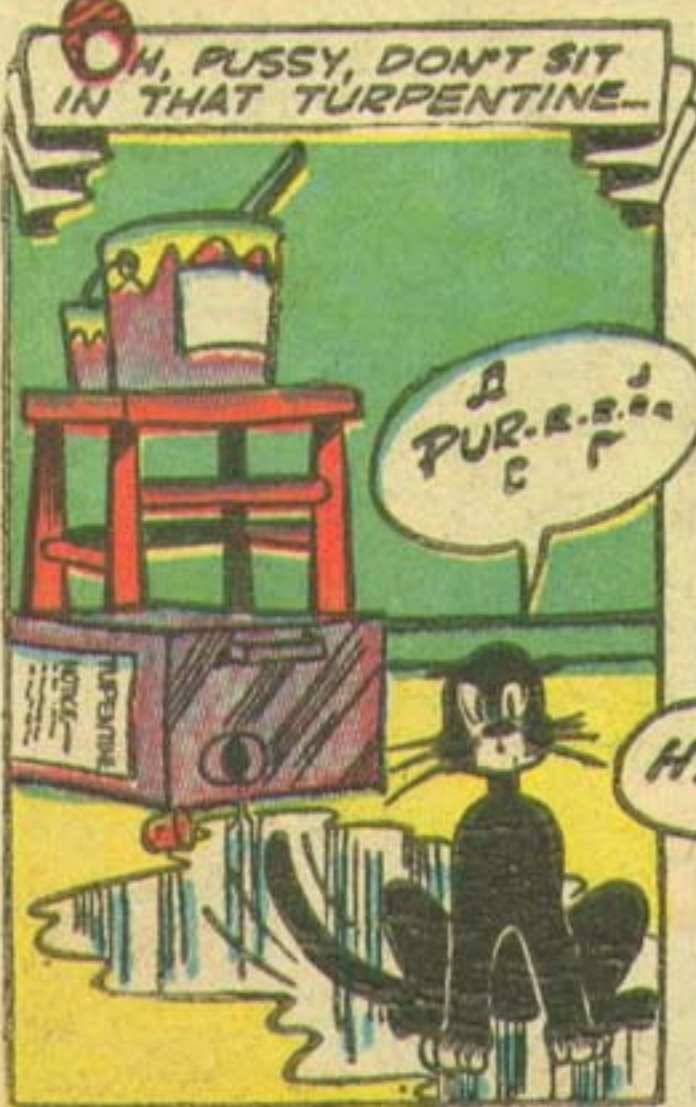
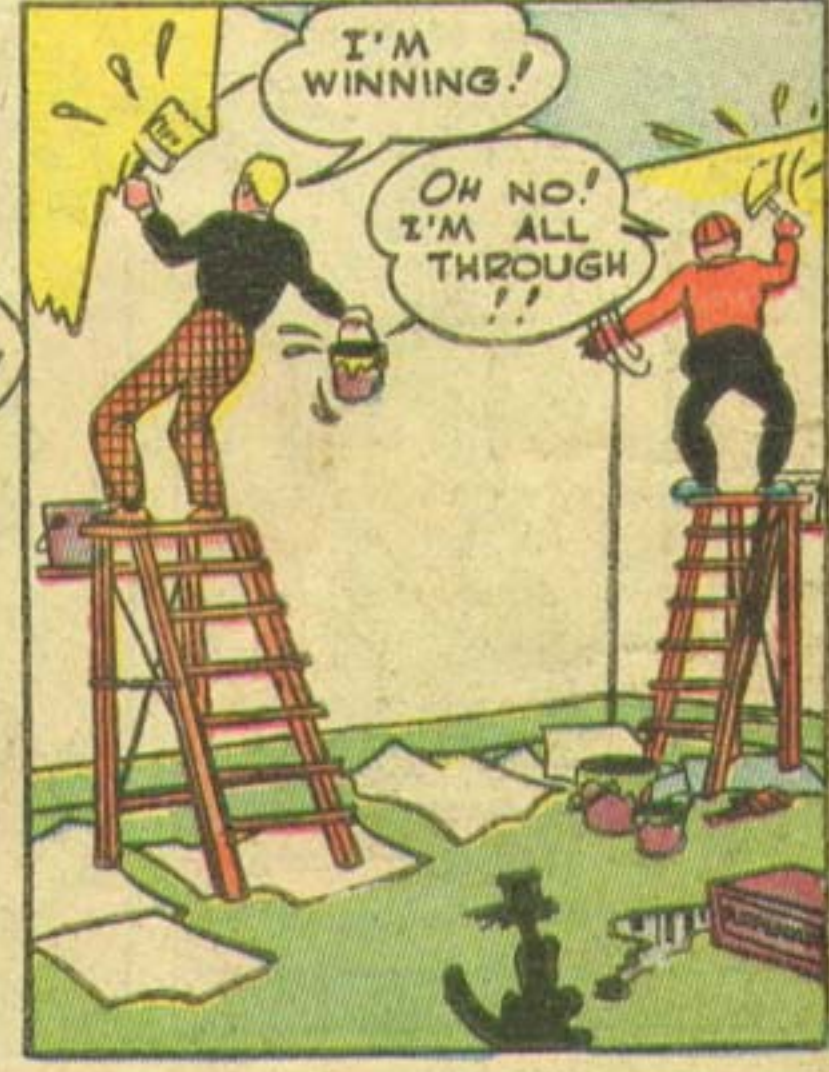
# WILBUR















R. B. BRENDA  
E. J. WILSON





WE CAN GET OUT THE WINDOW, EDDIE!



YOU GO FIRST!



HELP! HELP!



GEE WHIZ, EDDIE! DID YOU HAVE TO GET MY FEET WET?

HUH?



OH FINE! WE'RE LOCKED OUT AND THE PHONE'S STILL RINGING!



LUCKY THIS SIDE WINDOW WAS OPEN!



H.. HELLO! YES, THIS IS WILBUR WILKIN...



THIS IS THE WESTFIELD OFFICE OF SCRAP COLLECTION!..... AND WE WANTED TO THANK YOU FOR YOUR GENEROUS DONATION WE JUST PICKED UP IN YOUR YARD!

WHAT SCRAP?



THE FURNITURE IS GONE!



MEANWHILE WILBUR'S MOTHER HAS RETURNED AND...

GOOD LORD!  
WHAT'S HAPPENED  
TO THE GUEST  
ROOM!



NOW, MOTHER  
TAKE IT EASY...  
THIS ROOM IS  
SUPPOSED TO BE  
EARLY ITALIAN  
RENAISSANCE!



THAT NIGHT...

OH, ROBERT,  
IT'S SO  
GOOD TO  
SEE YOU!

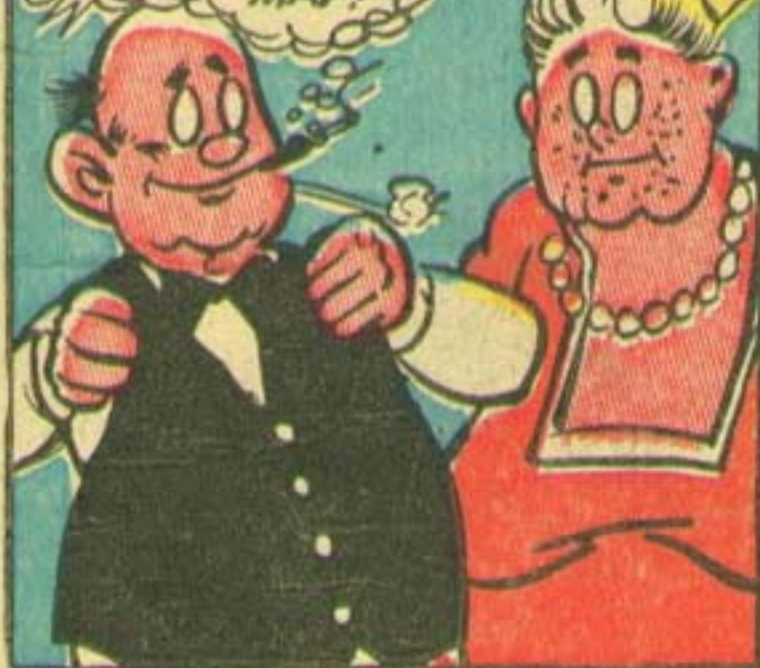
YES,  
ISN'T  
IT!



I'VE HAD YOUR  
ROOM REDECORATED,  
MOTHER! NOW I  
SUPPOSE YOU WANT  
TO GO FIX UP!

REALLY,  
ROBERT,  
YOU'VE  
CHANGED!

BOY! EVEN  
HITLER COULDN'T  
CHANGE THAT  
MAP!



AWK! YOU  
CERTAINLY DON'T  
EXPECT ME TO  
STAY IN THIS  
FRIGHTFUL  
ROOM! I'D  
GO MAD!



I'M LEAVING!  
HE DID IT DELIBERATELY  
TO GET RID OF ME!  
THAT WORM KNOWS  
I ABHOR GREEN!



IF I DIDN'T  
KNOW WILBUR IS  
TO BLAME, I'D THINK  
YOU DID IT TO KEEP  
DEAR MOTHER  
FROM STAYING  
HERE!



PSSST...  
WILBUR!  
HERE'S AN  
EXTRA 5 SPOT  
FOR A GOOD  
JOB!!

BOY!  
THANKS  
POP!



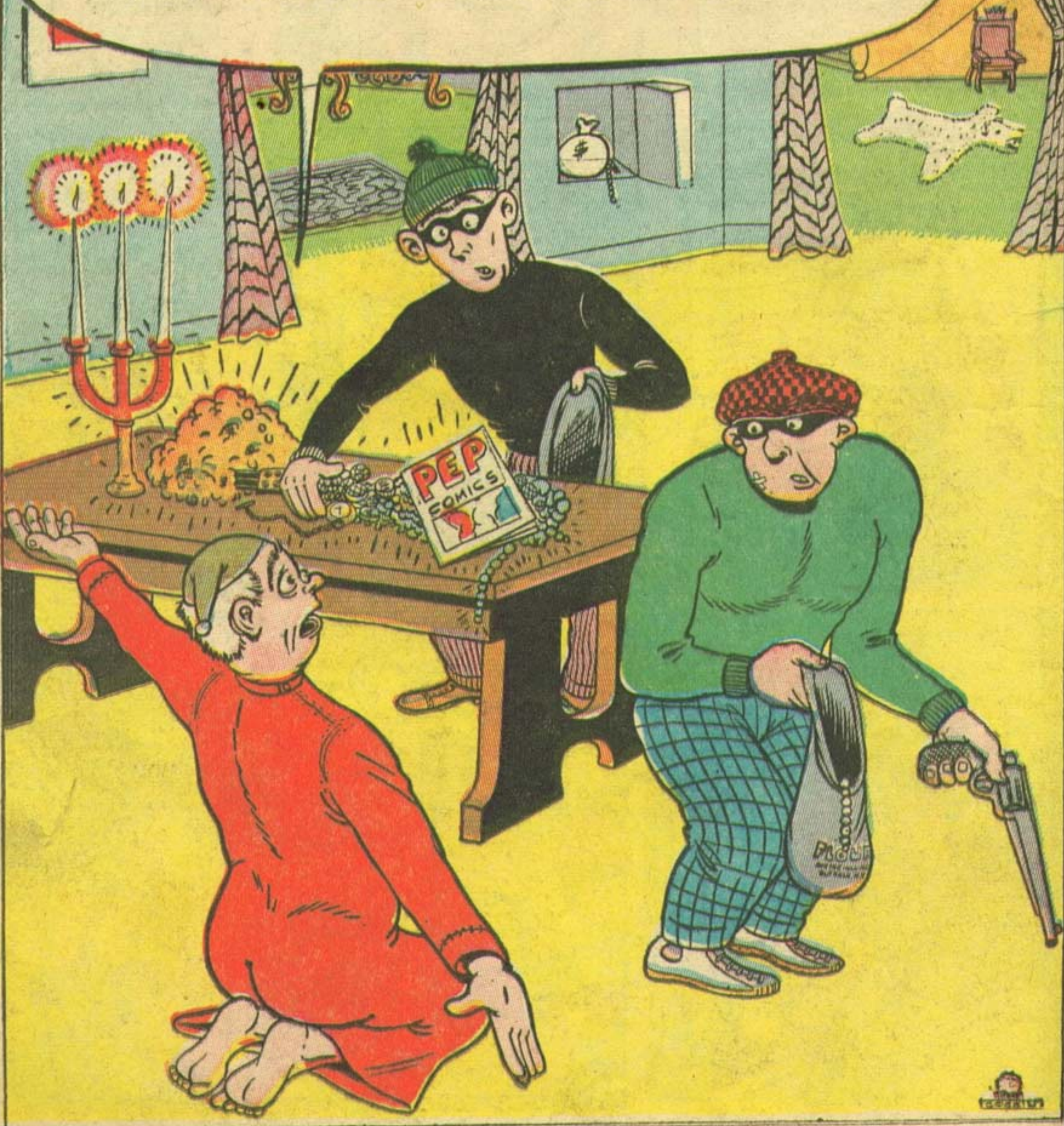
GOLLY! TEN  
BUCKS! THAT  
WOULD BUY  
ONE HUNDRED  
COPIES OF  
ZIP COMICS..  
BUT YOU ONLY  
HAVE TO BUY ONE  
COPY NEXT ISSUE  
FOR A MILLION  
LAUGHS AND  
THRILLS! SEE YOU  
THEN!





# PLEASE!

TAKE MY MONEY! MY JEWELS!  
ANYTHING! BUT LEAVE ME MY  
MARCH ISSUE OF **PEP COMICS!**  
I JUST GOTTA FINISH THOSE SWELL  
STORIES ON **THE SHIELD**  
AND **THE HANGMAN!**





# Ginger

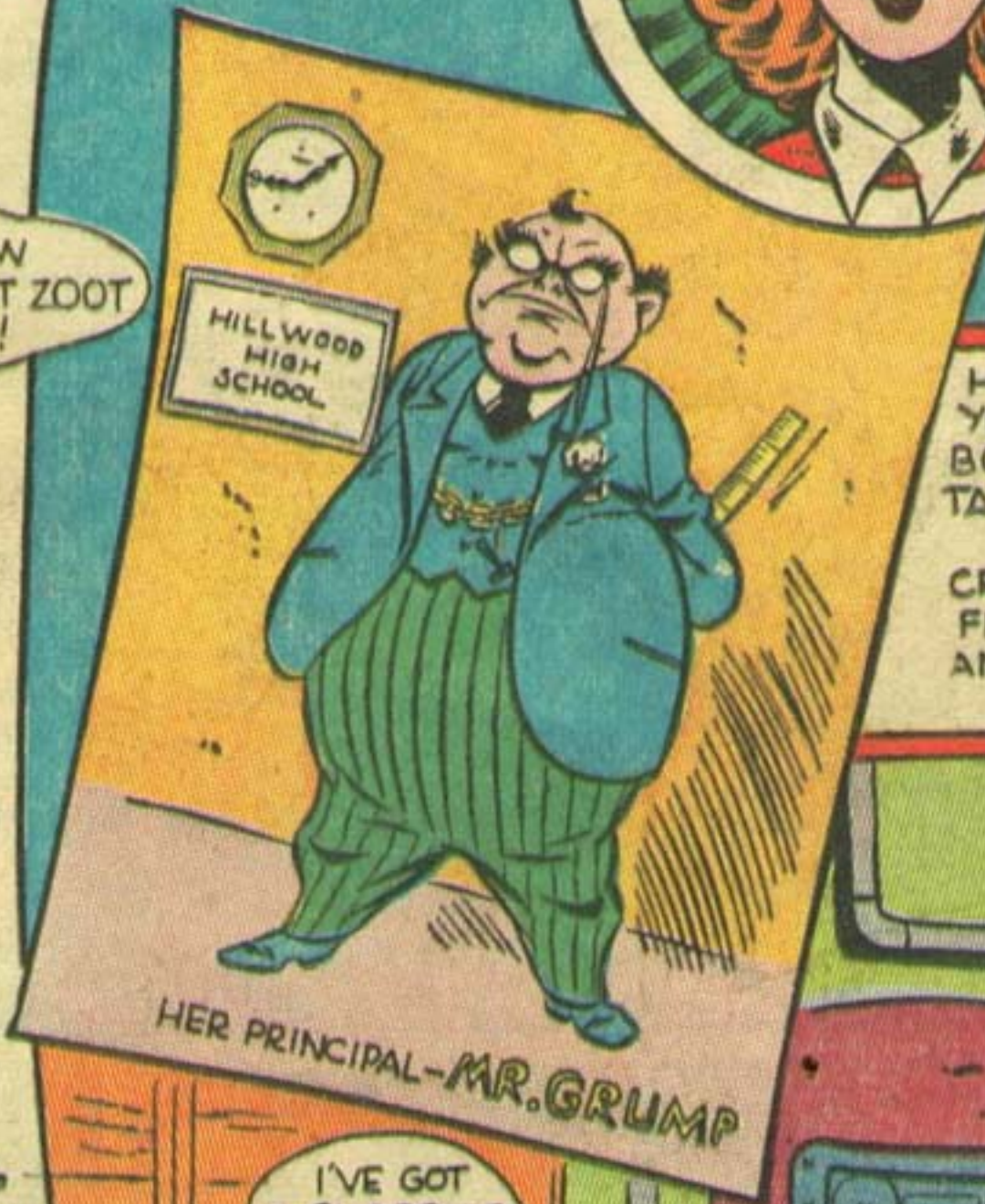
AN FRANCISCO MAY HAVE ITS EARTHQUAKES, FLORIDA ITS CYCLONES, TEXAS ITS TORNADOS... BUT THEY HAVE NOTHING COMPARED TO HILLWOOD'S OWN HURRICANE.....GINGER!!!

THAT'S ME!



NOW I KNOW WHAT THAT ZOOT SUIT CHAIN IS FOR!

THIS IS HER PAL - **DOTTY-**



HER PRINCIPAL - **MR. GRUMP**

HOLD ON TO YOUR COMIC BOOK, GANG, TAKE A DEEP BREATH - CROSS YOUR FINGERS..... AND START READIN' -

HER PARENTS - **Mr. SNAPS** HER MOTHER LOTTA..

WHAT'RE YOU GOING TO GIVE GINGER FOR HER BIRTHDAY, TOMORROW - JOHN?

I'VE GOT A SURPRISE FOR HER - DRAT THIS FURNACE!

HER FATHER **J. WHIPPER**



**AND** WHERE'S GINGER? WHAT'S THE MATTER? CAN'T YOU TURN THE PAGE ?

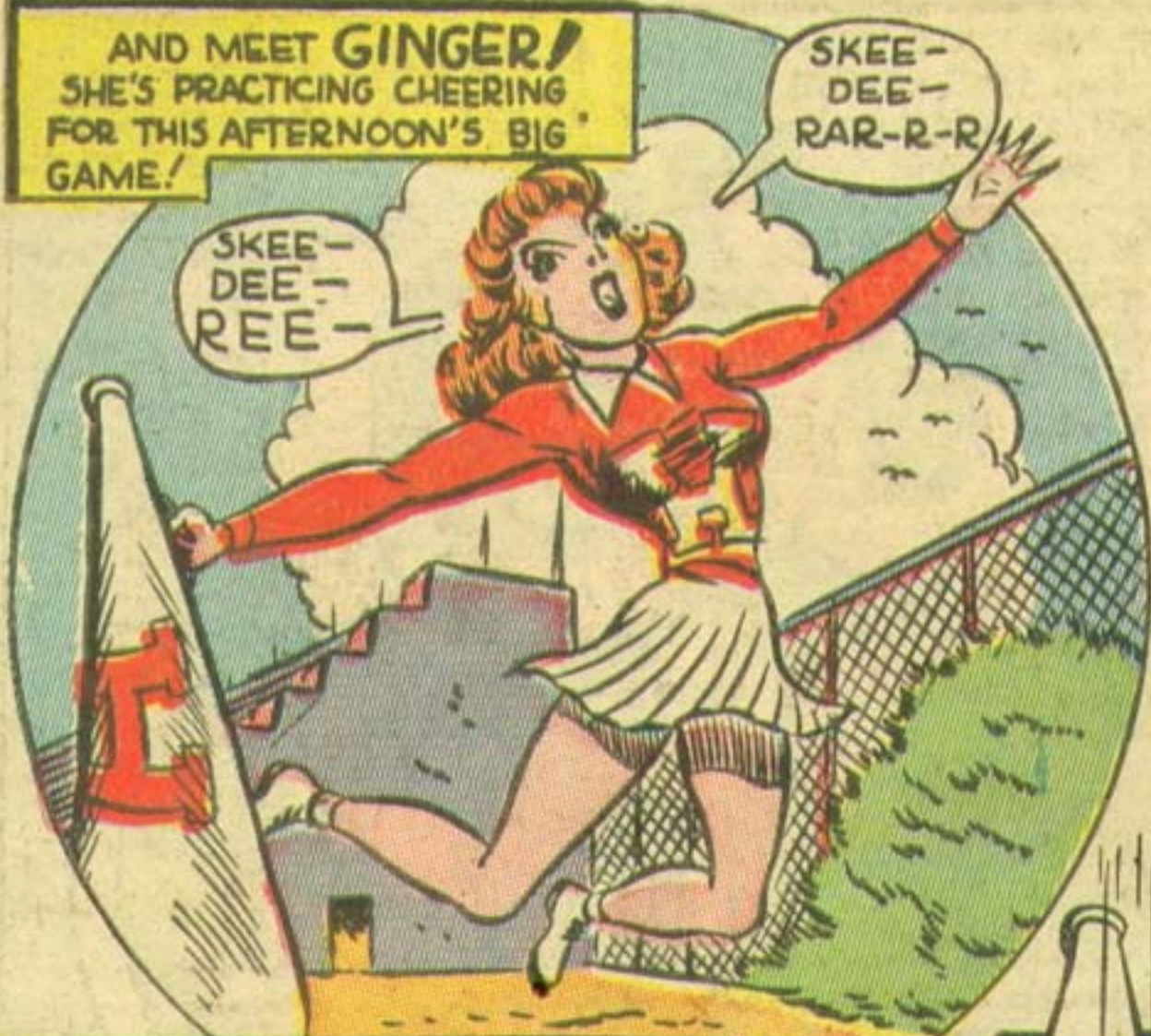
*Sam*



AND MEET GINGER!  
SHE'S PRACTICING CHEERING  
FOR THIS AFTERNOON'S BIG  
GAME!

SKEE-  
DEE-  
RAR-R-R

SKEE-  
DEE-  
REE-

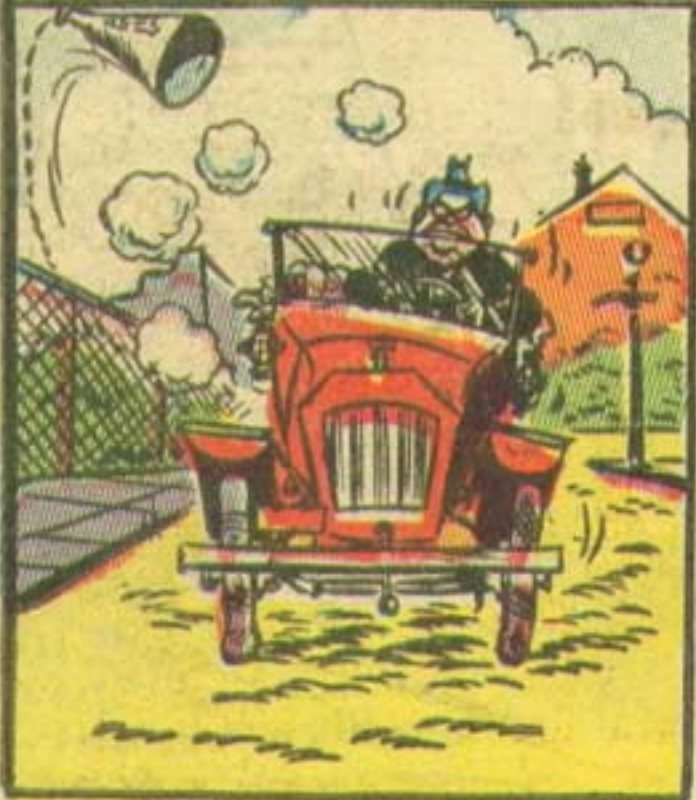


HILLWOOD!  
HILLWOOD!  
HILLWOOD!  
HIGH!!



WATCH IT, GINGER! THAT  
MEGAPHONE IS GETTING  
OUT OF HAND!

BUT WHO'S THIS COMING----- IN  
WHAT LOOKS LIKE A REFUGEE  
FROM A SCRAP HEAP? GREAT  
SCOTT! IT'S HILLWOOD HIGH'S  
PRINCIPAL, MR. GRUMP!



GREAT HEAVENS!  
HE'S HEADING FOR  
THE POND---  
LOOK OUT!

GET  
ME OUT OF  
HERE!



MY GOODNESS!  
I HOPE HE  
ISN'T DROWNED!  
OH DEAR!

LOOK, BUSTER,  
A JAP SUB-  
MARINE!

LOOKS LIKE WE'RE  
GETTING SOME OF  
OUR SCRAP METAL  
BACK!







WHO IN THUNDERATION IS RESPONSIBLE FOR THIS OUTRAGE?

BUT MR. GRUMP, I WAS JUST PRACTICING THE CHEERS FOR THIS AFTERNOON'S GAME! I--I'M SO SORRY!

M-ME!



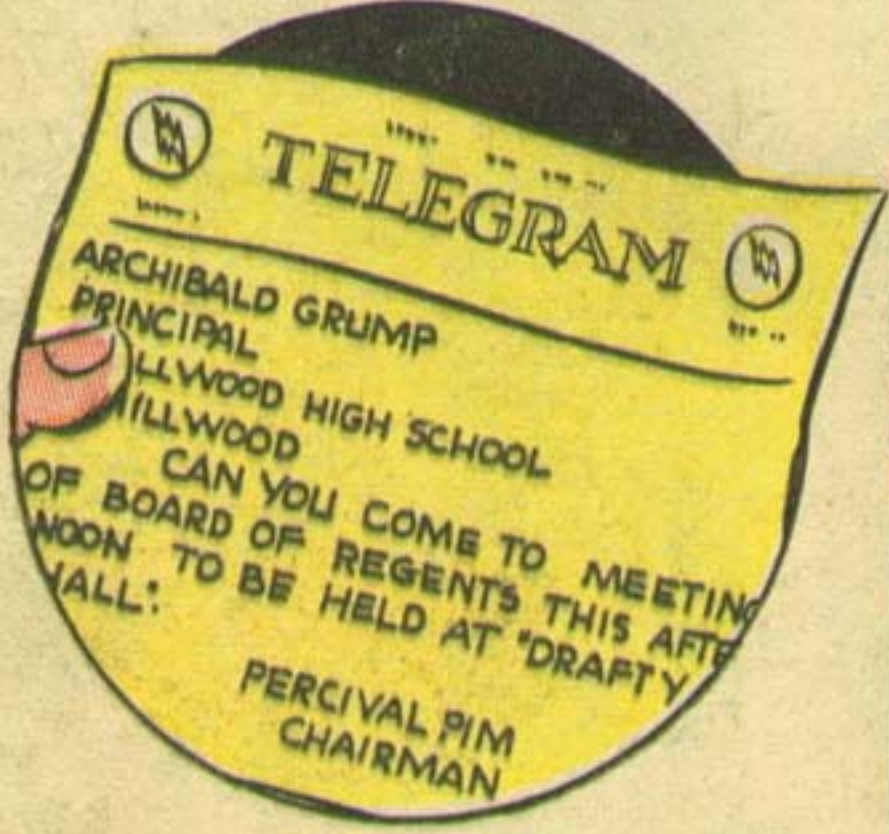
YOU'LL BE SORRIER STILL! CHANGE YOUR CLOTHES AND REPORT TO MY OFFICE IMMEDIATELY!



MINUTES LATER--

DARN IT! THIS SUIT'S SHRINKING ALREADY! WHAT IS IT, DOTTY?

THIS TELEGRAM JUST CAME FOR YOU, SIR.



TELEGRAM

ARCHIBALD GRUMP  
PRINCIPAL  
MILLWOOD HIGH SCHOOL  
MILLWOOD  
CAN YOU COME TO MEETING  
OF BOARD OF REGENTS THIS AFTER-  
NOON TO BE HELD AT "DRAFTY  
HALL".  
PERCIVAL PIM  
CHAIRMAN



SEND A TELEGRAM TO THE BOARD OF REGENTS, TELLING THEM I'LL BE AT THEIR MEETING THIS AFTERNOON! I'M GOING HOME TO CHANGE BEFORE I CHOKE TO DEATH!

YES SIR!



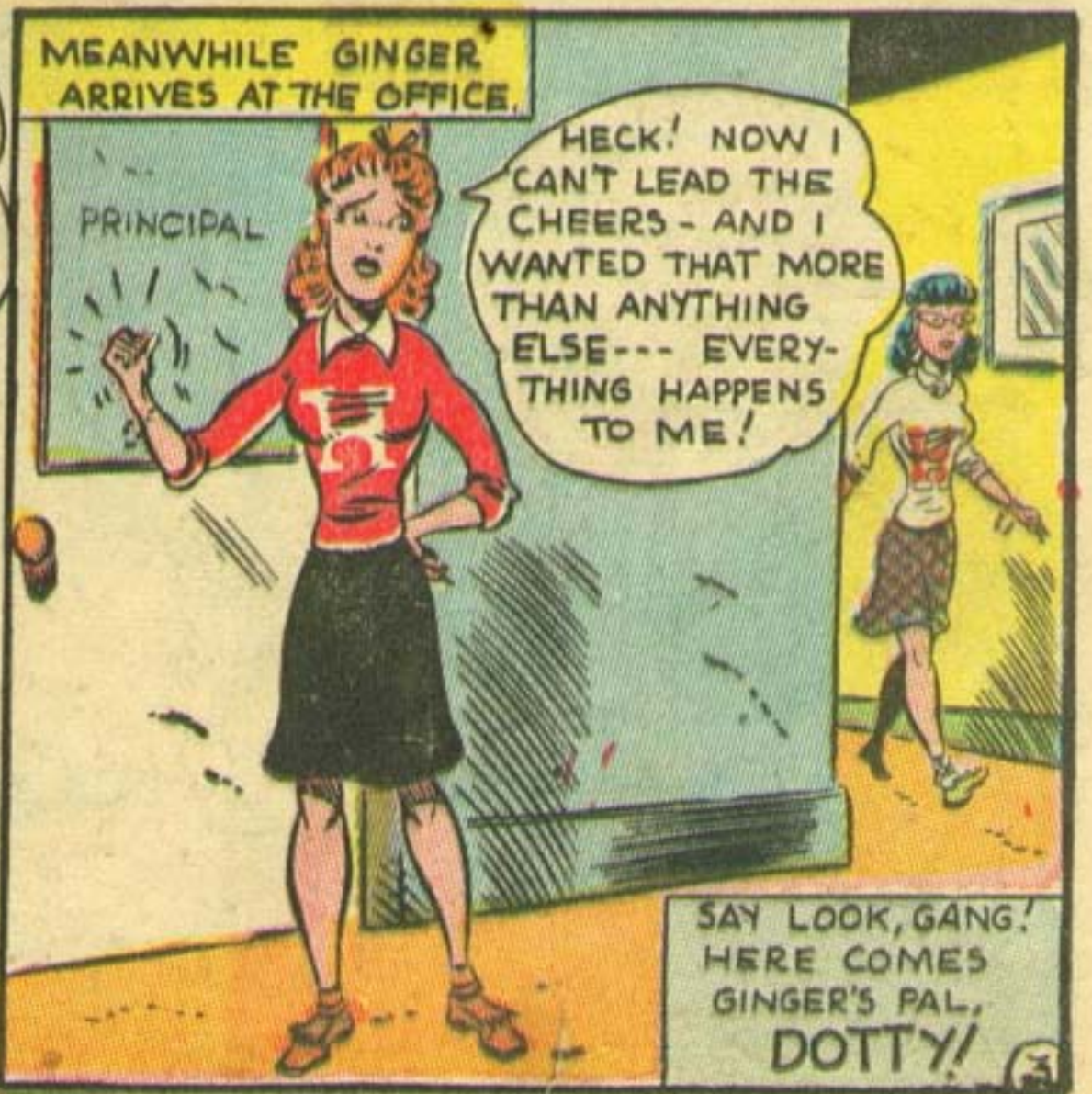
AS MR. GRUMP LEAVES THE BUILDING-----

I'VE A TELEGRAM FOR YOU, MR. GRUMP!

WHAT ANOTHER?



"DON'T COME TO MEETING. MEMBERS ARE TOO SICK TO ATTEND." YE GODS! I WISH THEY WOULD MAKE UP THEIR MIND!



MEANWHILE GINGER ARRIVES AT THE OFFICE.

HECK! NOW I CAN'T LEAD THE CHEERS - AND I WANTED THAT MORE THAN ANYTHING ELSE--- EVERYTHING HAPPENS TO ME!

SAY LOOK, GANG! HERE COMES GINGER'S PAL, DOTTY!



SO THAT'S WHAT'S BOTHERING YOU! FORGET IT, GINGER! OLD GRUMP-POTS HAS TO GO TO A MEETING. HE WON'T BE AT THE GAME, ANYWAY!

JEEPERS! HE WON'T? OKEY-DOKEY! I'LL TAKE A CHANCE--- AND GO!



THAT AFTERNOON, AS HILLWOOD HIGH PLAYS M.L.J. SUB-NORMAL ACADEMY....



.... A FAMILIAR FIGURE CLIMBS INTO THE STANDS!

OH WELL! THE FRESH AIR WILL DO ME GOOD!



S-O-O-O! THE MEMBERS OF THE BOARD OF REGENTS ARE ILL, EH!

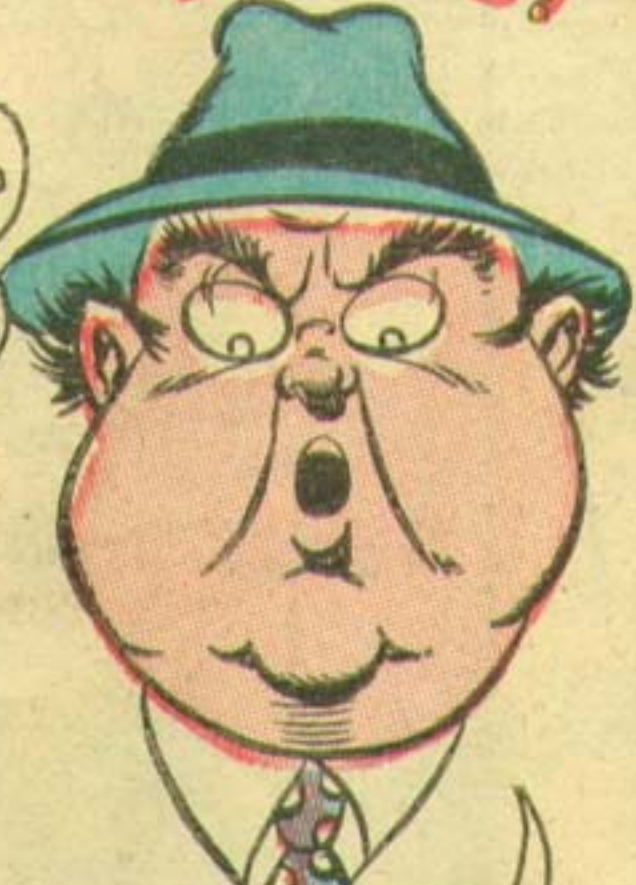
HYAH, GRUMP!

THOUGHT THE MEETING WOULD KEEP!

SIT DOWN!



OH-HO!



DO I-- OR DO I NOT SEE GINGER DOWN ON THE FIELD!

IF I DO---- IT WILL GO HARD WITH HER! OUT OF MY WAY, NINCOMPOOP!



TEAM! TEAM! TEAM!



IS THAT YOU---

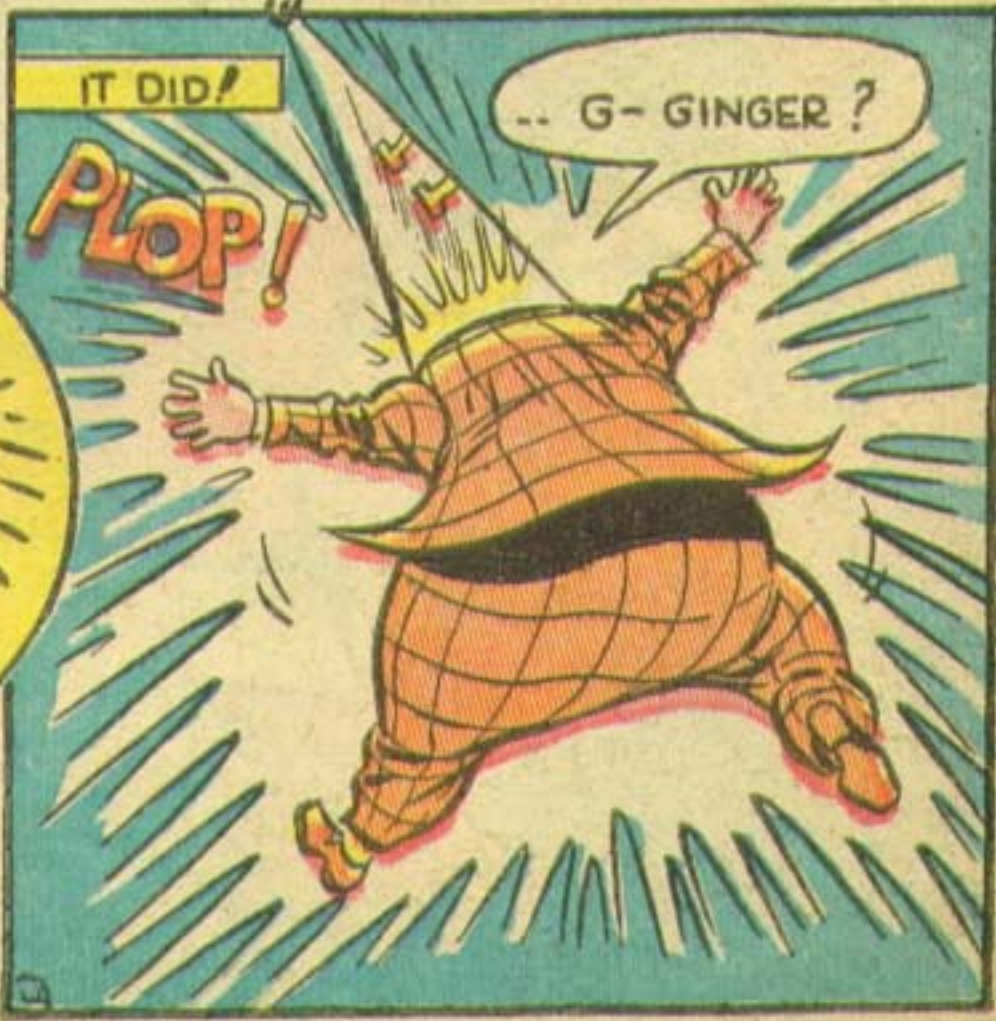
OH NO! DON'T TELL US--- THAT THE MEGAPHONE AGAIN--- WELL



IT DID!

PLOP!

... G- GINGER?





GINGER DIVES INTO THE NEAREST DOORWAY!

OH, OH! I'D BETTER HIDE NOW! IF I'M CAUGHT I'LL BE EXPELLED!

COULD BE!

GINGER! GINGER! DRAT IT I COULD HAVE SWORN THAT GIRL WENT IN HERE! COULD IT BE THAT IT WASN'T HER AFTER ALL!

WHEN THE HALF IS CALLED, M.L.J. SUB-NORMAL ACADEMY RUNS INTO THEIR LOCKER-ROOM---

IF ONLY OUR COACH, SILVER-KLEIT, HAD TAUGHT US ENOUGH PLAYS!

JEEPERS CREEPERS! I'M CAUGHT!

WE HAVEN'T LOST YET!

THE YOUNG M.L.J. COACH SPIES THE DISGUISED GINGER!

WHAT'S THE MATTER WITH YOU, BUD!

I--I FEEL A LITTLE SICK! I THINK I'LL SIT THIS ONE OUT!

OH, NO! UP YOU GO ON THE TABLE! I CAN FIX YOU UP IN NO TIME!

GASP!

THIS'LL EITHER MAKE YOU RUN LIKE A DEER--- OR---

--- CRIPPLE YOU FOR LIFE!

G-G-GOODNESS!

THERE YOU ARE! NINETY-EIGHT, NINETY-NINE -- ONE HUNDRED! I'M FINISHED!

SO AM I! (GASP-GASP)





NOW JUST TAKE A SHOWER AND YOU'LL BE IN GREAT SHAPE!



OH, BOY! NOTHIN' LIKE A SHOWER!

I'D BETTER HIDE!

HEY! COME HERE, KID!



COME ON TAKE A SHOWER!

WHAT'RE YOU AFRAID OF? GETTING WET?



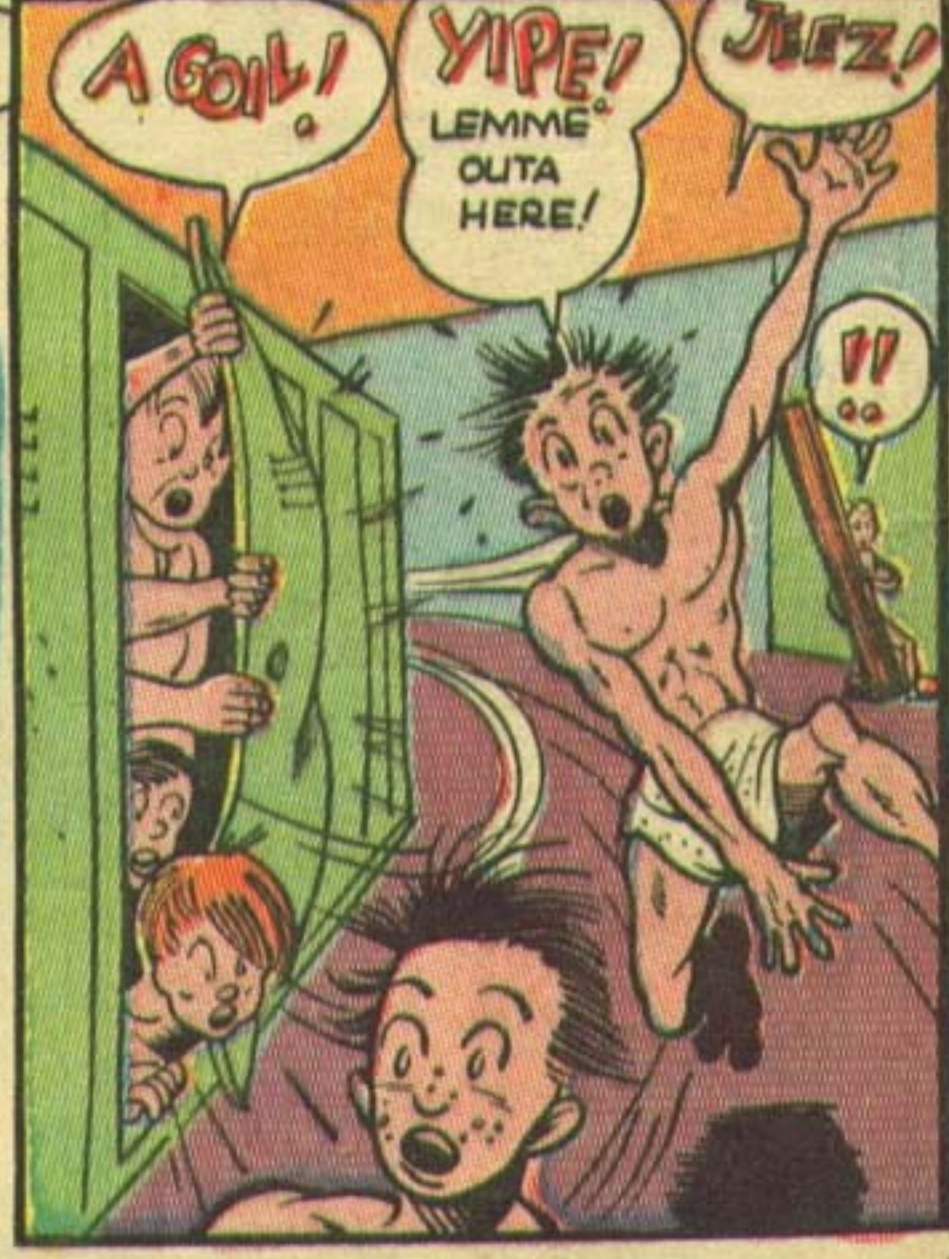
YOU GRAB HIS HELMET----- I'LL TAKE OFF HIS PANTS!

YOU BET! THIS MUST BE THE NEW KID!



GINGER!

OHMIGOSH! O-GEE! OH!



A GOIL!

YIPE! LEMME OUTA HERE!

JEEZ!

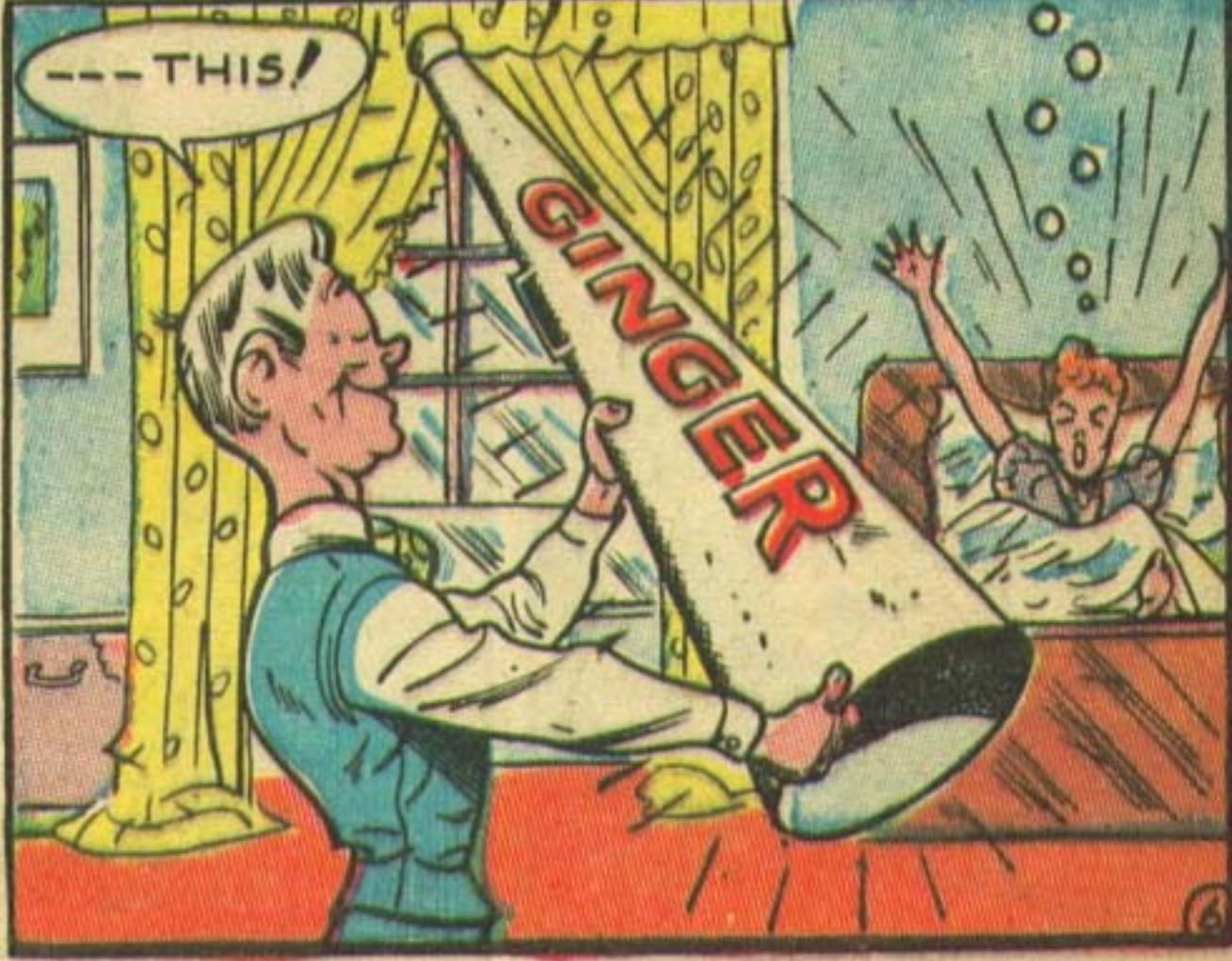
BUT UNSEEN BY THE STRUGGLING YOUTHS--- MR. GRUMP ENTERS THE LOCKER-ROOM, AND-----



The Next Day

HI-POPS!

HAPPY BIRTHDAY, GINGER!! I HAVE A LITTLE SURPRISE FOR YOU!



---THIS!

GINGER

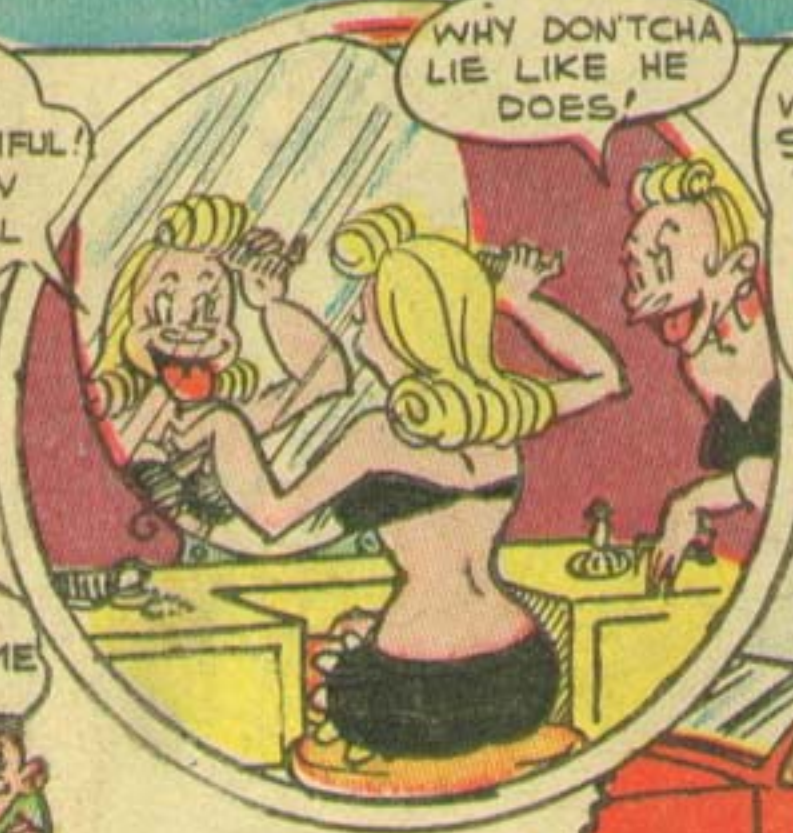


# JEST JOKES



SPECIAL DELIVERY - AND IS THE OLD MAN STAMPING!

HE TOLD ME I WAS BEAUTIFUL! I DON'T KNOW WHAT TO TELL HIM!



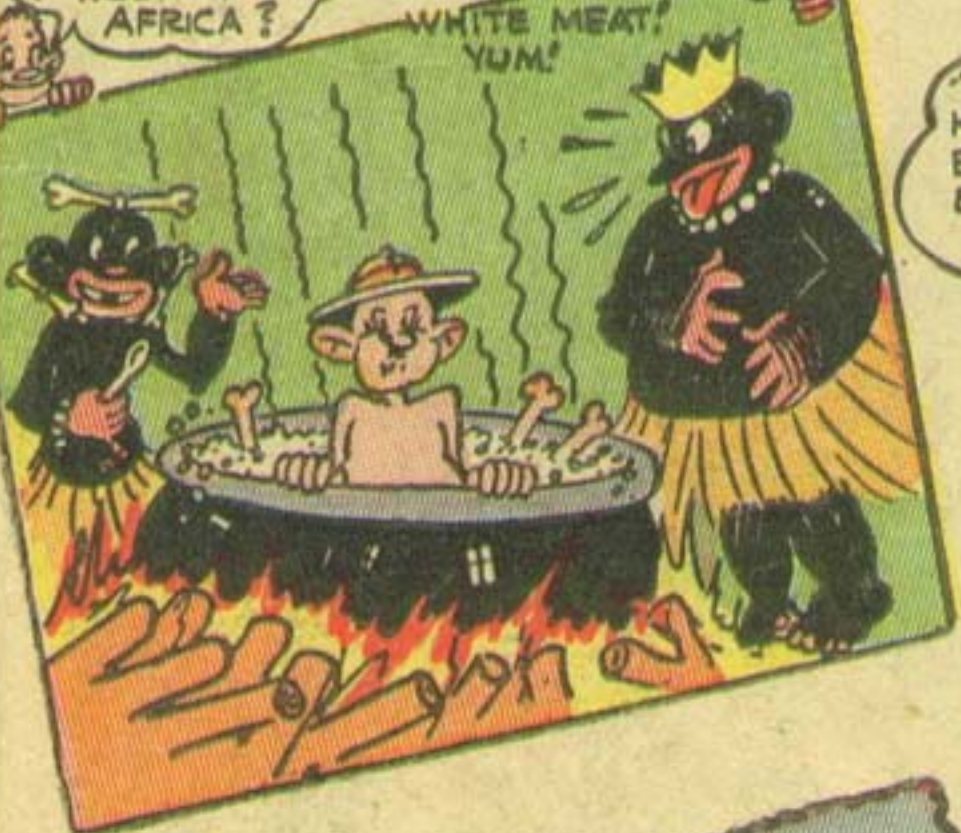
WHY DON'TCHA LIE LIKE HE DOES!

NABUCHADNOZOR WATTAWOPPER ALBERT SAMSONITSKYWITZ! THAT'S MY NAME AND I'D LIKE TO SEE YOU GIVE ME A TICKET - I DOUBLE DARE YA!

OK. -OK. YA DON'T HAVE TO GET MAD! I'M ONLY KIDDIN'!

DID HARRY TELL YOU ABOUT THE TIME HE GOT EATEN ALIVE BY A TIGER IN AFRICA?

NO - BUT HE TOLD ME ABOUT THE TIME SOME CANNIBALS ATE HIM UP IN WHITE SAUCE!



WHITE MEAT! YUM!

YOU WANT TO HAVE HER NAME ENGRAVED ON THE ENGAGEMENT RING?



YEA! BUT NOT TOO DEEP! YA CAN'T TELL WHAT'S GONNA HAPPEN NEXT!



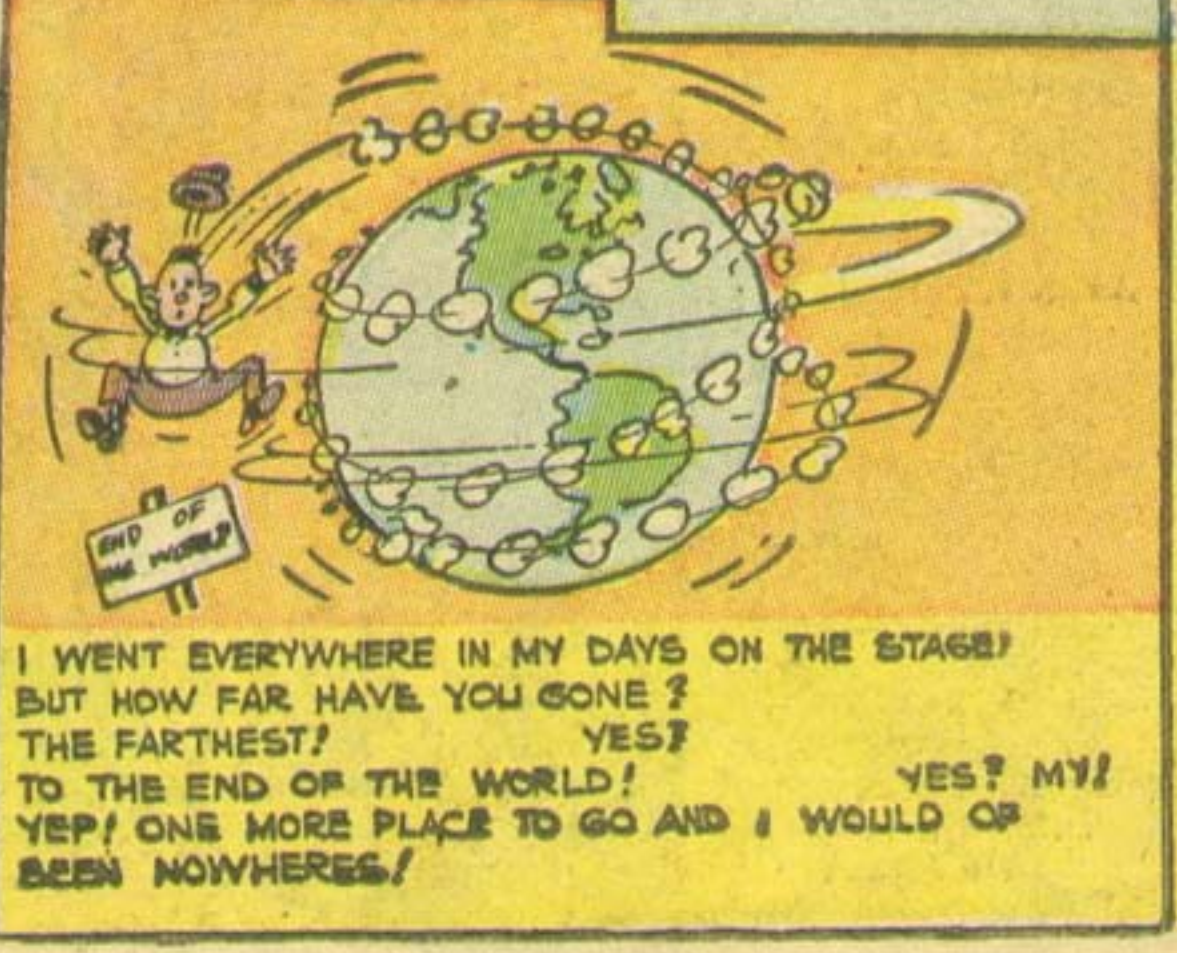
'IF YOU WANT A GOOD STOMACH, YOU MUST CHEW YOUR FOOD WELL! YOUR TEETH WERE GIVEN YOU FOR THAT!'  
"OH YEAH - I HAD TO PAY 65 SMACKERS FOR MINE!"



SAM! YOU NEVER HATED ME BEFORE!

NO! BUT EVER SINCE I'VE BEEN MARRIED TO YOU I HAVE!

BONG



I WENT EVERYWHERE IN MY DAYS ON THE STAGE! BUT HOW FAR HAVE YOU GONE? THE FARTHEST! YES? TO THE END OF THE WORLD! YES? MY! YEP! ONE MORE PLACE TO GO AND I WOULD OF BEEN NOWHERES!



# Bip's HALL OF FAME



**W**HEN THE LIGHTS OF EUROPE ARE ONCE AGAIN KINDLED; WHEN THE SHACKLES OF SLAVERY AND BESTIALITY ARE FOREVER BROKEN, AND MAN, THE WORLD OVER, ONCE AGAIN DRAWS FREE BREATH, HUMANITY WILL OWE A LARGE DEBT, AN UNPAYABLE DEBT, TO MARSHAL **SEMYON TIMOSHENKO**. FOR IF ANY ONE MAN HAS BEEN RESPONSIBLE FOR CHECKING THE ONRUSHING NAZI HORDES, THAT MAN IS TIMOSHENKO, BACKED BY A SUPERB RUSSIAN ARMY THAT REFUSED TO CONCEDE DEFEAT.

**ZIP** COMICS IS PROUD AND AND HONORED TO WELCOME YOU TO ITS **HALL OF FAME, MARSHAL SEMYON TIMOSHENKO**. YOURS IS A NAME THAT TIME WILL NEVER TARNISH. YOURS IS A SPIRIT THAT WILL BE A BEACON LIGHT GUIDING MANKIND THROUGH ITS DARK HOURS FOR MANY YEARS TO COME.

**B**ORN THE SON OF A POOR PEASANT, SEMYON TIMOSHENKO HAS WON ALL THE HIGHEST DECORATIONS FOR BRAVERY AND ABILITY.. AND HAS ACHIEVED THE HIGHEST RANK IN THE RED ARMY TODAY, HIS NAME IS A BY-WORD FOR UNSURPASSED BRAVERY AND FIGHTING GENIUS.. A MAN WHO BELONGS MORE TO THE WORLD FIGHTING FOR FREEDOM THAN TO THE PROUD, COURAGEOUS COUNTRY OF HIS OWN BIRTH...

SURE! AND HE'S A REAL SON O' THE FOIGHTIN' OIRISH TIM O'SHENKO IS!

HOOT MON! 'TIS A BONNY SCOTSMAN HE IS, SANDY TIMOSHENKO! ONLY A SCOTSMAN COULD FIGHT THE WAY THOT MON DOES!





ON A FARM IN BESSARABIA, A POOR PEASANT IS TOILING TO REAP HIS SCANTY HARVEST...

THE CZAR'S COSSACKS COME TO COLLECT THE HEAVY TAXES...

SEMYON, MY SON, THE CROP IS POOR THIS YEAR.. WE SHALL BE LUCKY IF WE HAVE ENOUGH GRAIN TO LAST THROUGH THE WINTER!

MONEY? HOW CAN WE PAY MONEY WHEN WE DO NOT EVEN HAVE ENOUGH FOOD TO EAT!

SO YOU REFUSE TO PAY, EH? I'LL SOON FIX THAT!



SEIZE THE GRAIN, MEN! OUT OF MY WAY, YOU DOG!

WHY, THE DIRTY RATS! STEALING OUR GRAIN! I'LL ...

STRIKE AN OFFICER, WILL YOU, YOU INSOLENT PUP? THIS WILL TEACH YOU RESPECT FOR THE CZAR'S REPRESENTATIVES!



ALL RIGHT! STEAL OUR FOOD AND BEAT OUR PEOPLE, BECAUSE WE ARE TOO WEAK TO RESIST! BUT SOME DAY WE'LL BE STRONG AND WE'LL PAY YOU BACK WITH INTEREST!

YEARS PASS, AND SEMYON IS CALLED TO SERVE IN THE CZAR'S ARMY. ONE DAY, HE IS DRINKING WITH SOME FRIENDS WHEN...

HE ACCIDENTALLY SPILLS SOME VODKA ON AN OFFICER...





YOU NEED A WHIPPING TO MAKE YOU MORE CAREFUL, YOU SCUM!



GOADED BY CONTINUAL MISTREATMENT, SEMYON LOSES HIS TEMPER AND RETURNS THE BLOW...



SEIZE THAT MAN! THROW HIM INTO PRISON!



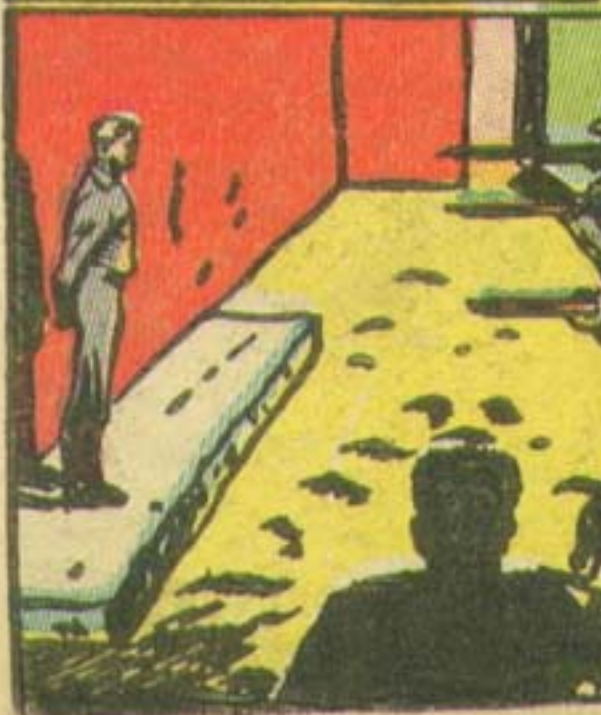
THIS PLACE WILL COOL OFF THAT HOT TEMPER OF YOURS!



SEMYON TIMOSHENKO, THIS COURT FINDS YOU **GUILTY** OF THE UNPARDONABLE CRIME OF STRIKING AN OFFICER OF THE CZAR. FOR SUCH A SERIOUS OFFENSE THERE CAN BE ONLY ONE PUNISHMENT!  
**DEATH!**



STANDING BEFORE THE FIRING SQUAD, SEMYON AWAITS THE FATAL WORD, WHEN...



**REVOLUTION**



READY, LOAD, AIM &...

THE INFURIATED PEOPLE AROUSED AT LAST, POUR INTO THE PRISON.. THE CZAR IS OVERTHROWN. SEMYON IS SAVED!!...



SEMYON IS MADE A CAVALRY COMMANDER IN THE NEW RED ARMY WHICH HAS BROKEN THE SHACKLES OF OPPRESSION...



MEANWHILE, IN ROSTOV, THE WHITE GUARD SUPPORTERS OF THE CZAR AND THEIR GERMAN ALLIES ARE MAKING MERRY...



WE WILL CRUSH THESE STUPID PEASANTS AND WORKMEN IN A FEW DAYS!

SUDDENLY, THE DOORS ARE SMASHED IN...



HIMMEL! IT IS TIMOSHENKO!!



THIS IS FOR THE FOOD YOU STOLE FROM US!



AND THIS IS FOR THE BEATING!



YOU PRUSSIANS SHOULD HAVE STAYED IN YOUR OWN COUNTRY! YOU DON'T SEEM TO ENJOY OUR RUSSIAN WELCOME!



WHAT A CLEANUP, COMMANDER! WE'VE CAPTURED OVER 200 OF THEM!



TIMOSHENKO THEN LEADS HIS MEN TO THE HEADQUARTERS OF THE WHITE GUARDS..



AND CAPTURES THE ENTIRE STAFF,  
JUST THEN A WHITE OFFICER CALLS  
ON THE PHONE...



DON'T SHOOT!

WE SURRENDER!

TIMOSHENKO ANSWERS.

HELLO. YES, THIS IS WHITE HEADQUARTERS, WHAT IS IT?

I'M CALLING FROM THE RAILROAD STATION, SIR! SHALL WE SEND THE SUPPLY TRAINS AWAY TO MAKE SURE THE REDS DON'T CAPTURE THEM?

DON'T GET EXCITED! EVERYTHING IS O.K. DON'T SEND ANY SUPPLY TRAINS AWAY!



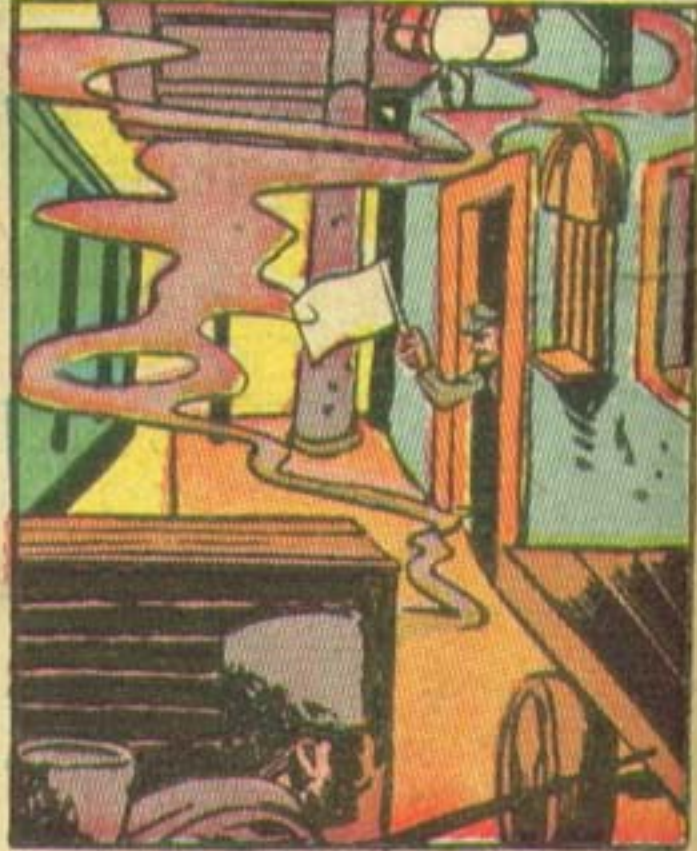
QUICK, MEN! SURROUND THE RAILROAD STATION!



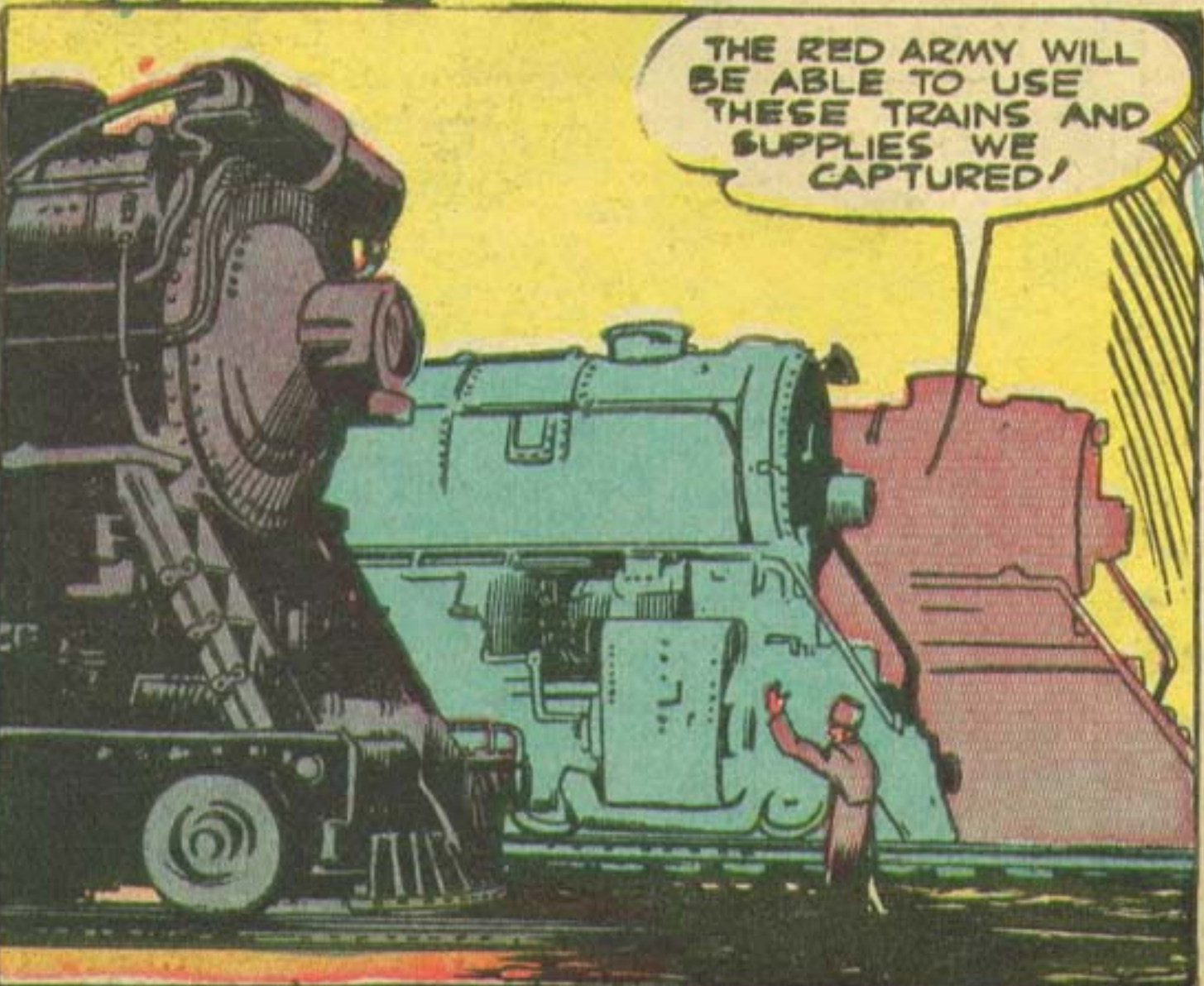
KEEP FIRING, MAN, THEY CAN'T HOLD OUT MUCH LONGER! NO NEED LOSING MEN NEEDLESSLY IN A CHARGE!



TIMOSHENKO WAS RIGHT. EVEN THEN, HIS GENIUS FOR DOING THE RIGHT THING AT THE RIGHT TIME WAS IN EVIDENCE. SOON THE WHITE FLAG OF SURRENDER WENT UP.



THE RED ARMY WILL BE ABLE TO USE THESE TRAINS AND SUPPLIES WE CAPTURED!

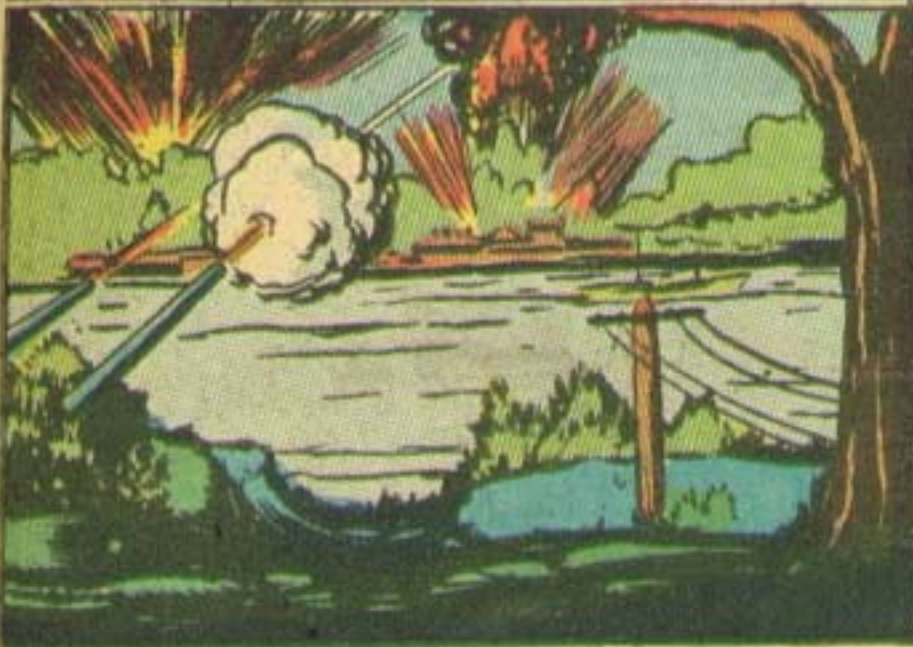


IN RECOGNITION OF HIS SKILLFUL LEADERSHIP AND PERSONAL BRAVERY, TIMOSHENKO WAS AWARDED HIGH MILITARY HONORS AND WAS PROMOTED IN RANKS.





LATER.. TSARITSYN (NOW CALLED STALINGRAD) IS SURROUNDED BY THE WHITE GUARDS.. DAY AFTER DAY, HUGE SIEGE GUNS POUND THE CITY...



INSIDE THE CITY THE SITUATION IS GROWING DESPERATE.

HALF OF MY MEN HAVE BEEN WOUNDED, COMMANDER!



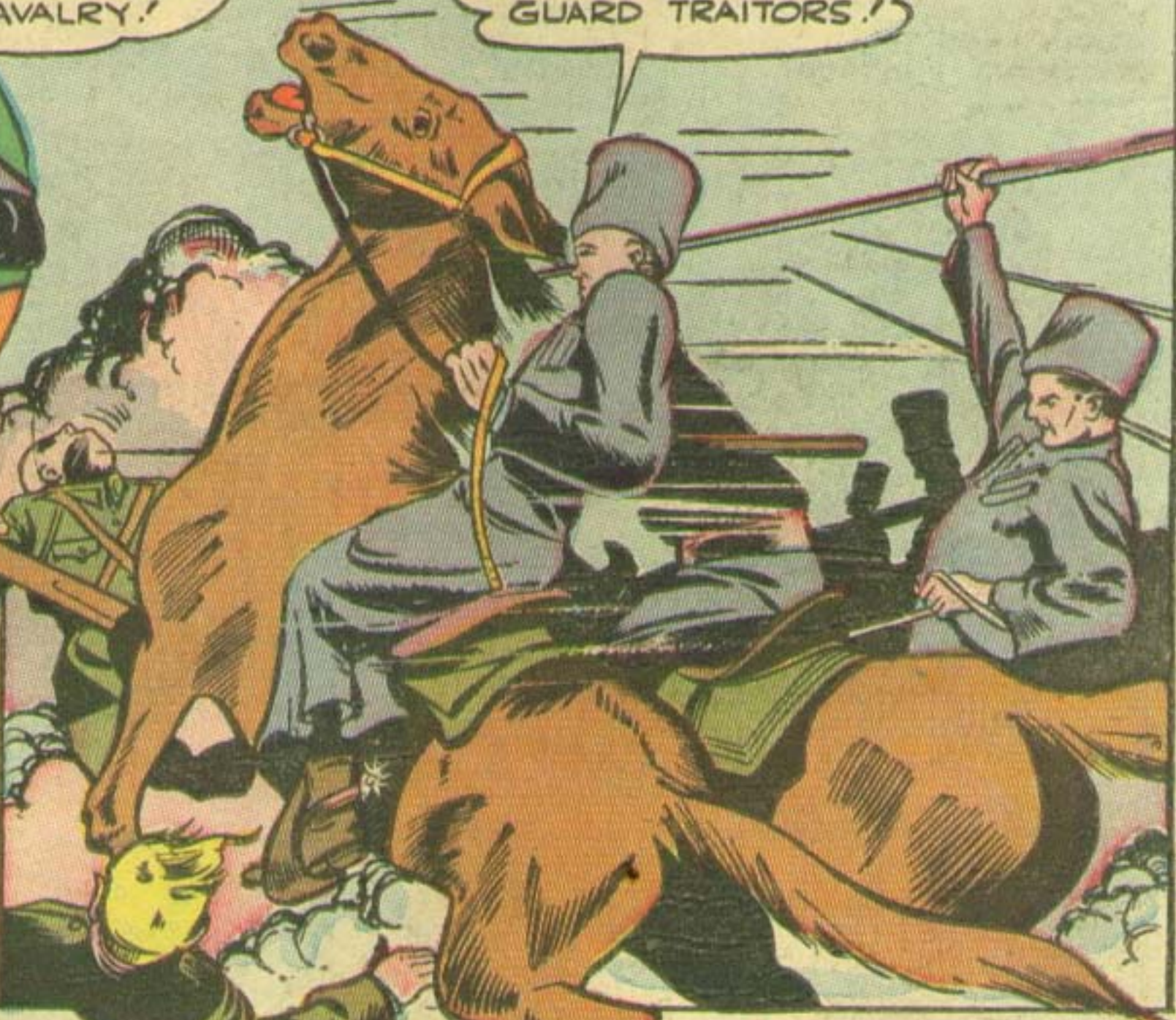
WE CAN'T HOLD OUT ALONE MUCH LONGER! WE MUST HAVE REINFORCEMENTS.. WHAT'S ALL THAT CHEERING ABOUT?



LOOK! IT'S TIMOSHENKO'S CAVALRY!



FORWARD, MEN! DEATH TO THE WHITE GUARD TRAITORS!



SWEEPING SAVAGELY INTO THE FRAY, TIMOSHENKO'S CHARGE CUTS A SWATH OF DEATH THROUGH THE FOE. BRINGS VICTORY FOR HIS CAUSE..



AND TODAY... TIMOSHENKO, THE FIGHTINGEST RUSSIAN OF THEM ALL, ONCE AGAIN LEADS HIS PEOPLE TO INEVITABLE VICTORY! MARSHAL SEMYON TIMOSHENKO... ZIP IS PROUD TO INCLUDE YOU IN IT'S HALL OF FAME!



the END



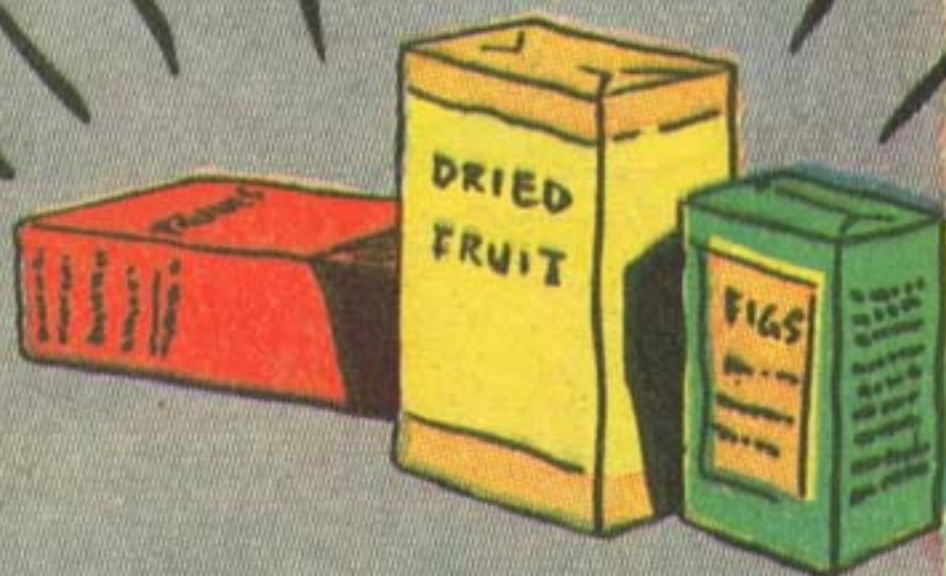
# WORLD WONDERS



IN ORDER TO SATISFY THEIR THIRST, CERTAIN DESERT TRIBES OF AMERICAN INDIANS WOULD EAGERLY DEVOUR GIANT BLACK, JUICY CARPENTER **ANTS.**



THE FLOWER POT PLANT SHAPES ITS LEAVES INTO A POT-LIKE FORM WHICH HOLDS ITS OWN ROOTS.



IT IS LEGAL IN THE UNITED STATES FOR DRIED FRUIT TO CONTAIN 1 INSECT FOR EVERY 10 PIECES!



ONE OF THE MOST DANGEROUS OF SEA MONSTERS...THE BARRACUDA... WILL SELDOM ATTACK A SWIMMER WHO IS IN DARK CLOTHING.



# Zambini

SINCLAIR  
ALUMINUM  
PLANT



BEHIND THE  
GIANT MACHIN-  
ERY OF THE  
SINCLAIR  
ALUMINUM CO  
A CONFERENCE  
IS IN PROGRESS...



LISTEN,  
AMERICANS, THE  
WHEELS OF INDUSTRY  
ARE HUMMING, SINGING  
OUT A TUNE IN THE KEY  
OF "V." "V" FOR VICTORY  
TO COME... VICTORY, IF  
EVERYONE OF US PUTS HIS  
SHOULDER TO THE WHEEL!  
HERE IS A TALE OF **HUGH  
SINCLAIR**, YOUNG HEAD OF  
THE ALUMINUM PLANT MAK-  
ING VITAL METAL FOR THE  
U.S.

IT'S A TALE FOR ALL OF  
US TO THINK ABOUT AND  
REMEMBER... AND BE  
ASHAMED OF!  
FOR **HUGH SINCLAIR**  
IS ONE OF THOSE  
DESPICABLE MEN  
AMERICA CAN  
DO WITHOUT!

I WONDER  
WHAT'S ON  
MR. SINCLAIR'S  
MIND NOW?

GENTLEMEN,  
THE ALUMINUM  
WE'RE PRODUCING  
FOR THE GOVERN-  
MENT IS MAKING  
MORE PROFIT THAN  
WE'D HOPED FOR!

... BUT I HEAR  
OTHER PLANTS ARE  
TO BE BUILT TO SPEED  
UP PRODUCTION! THIS WILL  
CUT DOWN ON OUR PROFITS!  
FRANKLY I'M AGAINST IT!



COOPER





WE'LL DO WHATEVER YOU SAY, SINCLAIR!

WE HAVE THE ONLY FORMULA - SO I SAY LET'S KEEP IT TO OURSELVES!



SUDDENLY...

W-WHAT'S THAT?

GREAT SCOTT...



IT'S ZAMBINI, THE MAGICIAN!

GET OUT OF HERE, ZAMBINI! I'VE HEARD OF YOU AND YOUR CONFOUNDED MEDDLING!

THIS IS NONE OF YOUR BUSINESS, ZAMBINI! WE'LL STICK BY SINCLAIR!

WHAT KIND OF PATRIOTISM DO YOU CALL THIS? HOW CAN YOU KEEP THE ALUMINUM FORMULA TO YOURSELVES WHEN YOUR COUNTRY IS FIGHTING FOR ITS LIFE?

AS SINCLAIR LEAVES ZAMBINI TRIES TO POINT OUT WHAT SELFISHNESS WILL LEAD TO... BUT...



YOU CAN SAVE YOUR BREATH, BROTHER! SO LONG AS I'M HEAD OF THIS COMPANY - MY DECISIONS ARE FINAL!



I'M AFRAID THERE'S ONLY ONE WAY TO DEAL WITH PEOPLE LIKE YOU - AND I WILL! DO IT!

GO HIRE A HALL FOR YOUR MAGIC TRICKS! I'M KEEPING THE FORMULA AND THAT'S THAT!

WELL, BOYS AND GIRLS, THERE'S A GREAT EXAMPLE OF AMERICANISM, I DON'T THINK! BUT HERE'S WHERE WE SHOW MR. SINCLAIR JUST HOW FAR HIS SELFISH ATTITUDE WILL TAKE HIM!





AS ZAMBINI SPEAKS - IN AN-  
OTHER PART OF THE CITY  
SINCLAIR FINDS HE HAS  
DRIVEN TO THE LOCAL  
DRAFT BOARD...



H-HEY! TH-THIS  
ISN'T 'WHERE I  
WANTED TO GO -  
WHAT'S THE  
MATTER WITH ME?

GENTLEMEN,  
I WANT TO  
ENLIST!



WHY DID I WALK  
IN HERE? I CAN'T  
STOP WHAT I'M  
GO SAYING!

JUST SIGN YOUR  
REGISTRATION  
THERE - AND  
WE'LL FILE  
YOUR AP-  
PLICATION!

I CAN'T  
HELP SIGNING  
THIS...WHAT  
AM I DOING!  
I DON'T  
WANT TO  
ENLIST!



DAYS PASS...AND OUR  
SCENE SHIFTS TO AN  
AIRPORT ON A FAR-FLUNG  
FRONT WHERE THE  
MYSTIFIED HUGH SINCLAIR  
FINDS HIMSELF!



ATTENTION,  
GROUND-CREW!  
STAND BY!

FIGHTER  
PILOTS, MAN  
YOUR PLANES!  
HURRY!

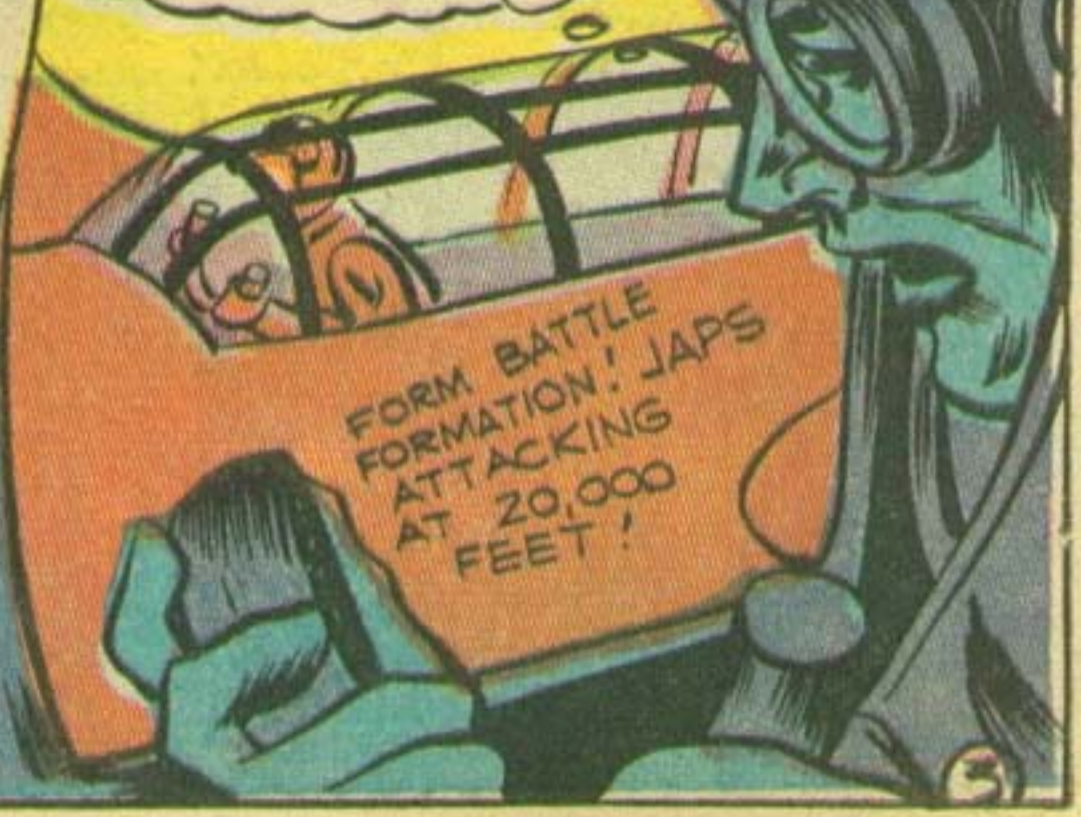
AUTOMATICALLY, SINCLAIR  
CLIMBS INTO HIS  
COCKPIT...



GOOD LUCK,  
SINCLAIR! I THINK  
YOU'LL LEARN SOME-  
THING ON THIS TRIP  
'YOU'LL NEVER  
FORGET!

I SEEM TO  
KEEP HEARING  
ZAMBINI'S VOICE  
...THIS MUST BE  
A HORRIBLE  
NIGHTMARE!

THIS CAN'T BE ME,  
HUGH SINCLAIR - UP IN  
THE CLOUDS IN A DOG-  
FIGHT ...IT CAN'T BE!



FORM BATTLE  
FORMATION! JAPS  
ATTACKING  
AT 20,000  
FEET!





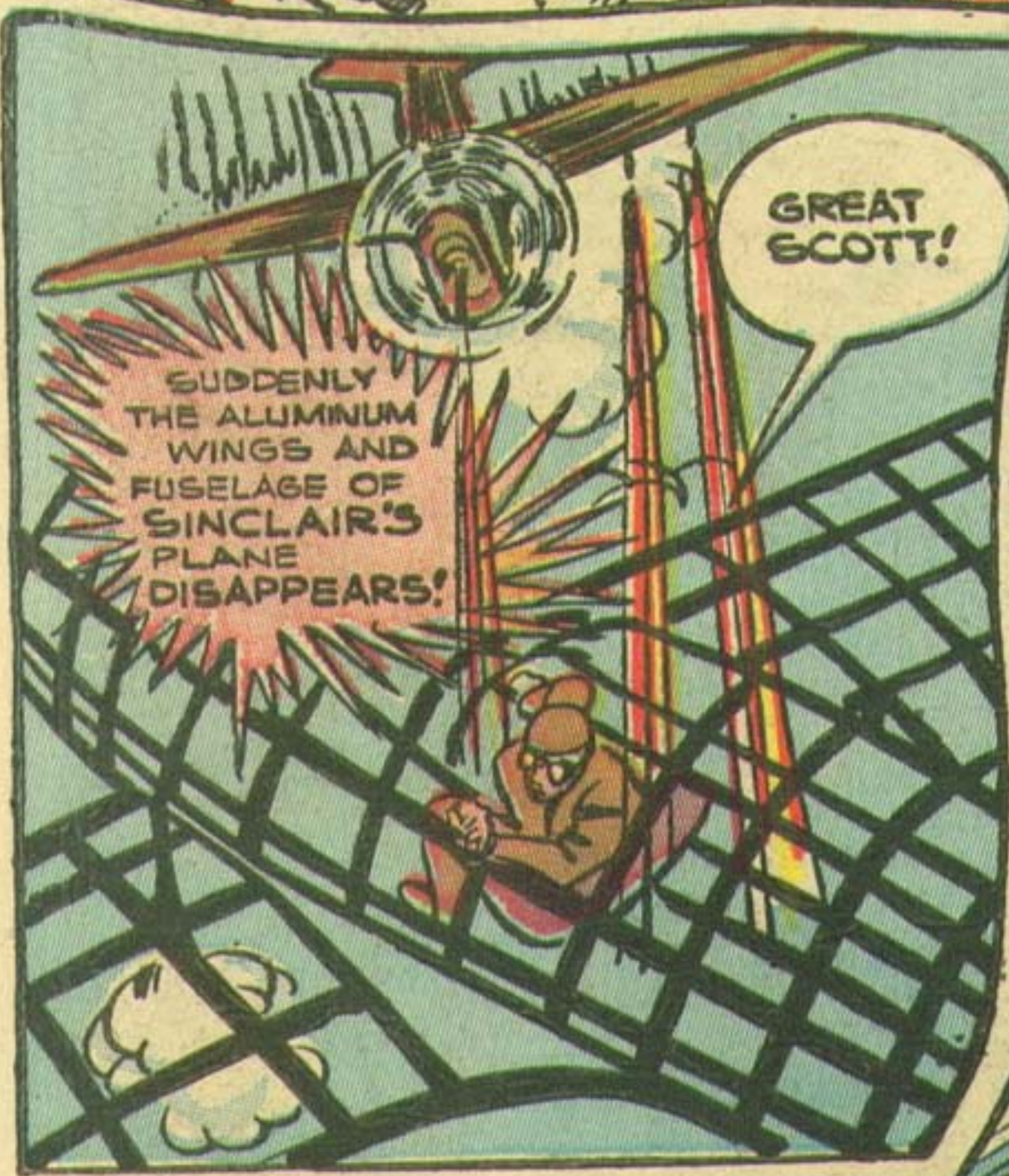
GOOD LORD!  
THOUSANDS OF ZERO  
PLANES COMING RIGHT  
AT ME / WHAT'LL I DO?



THESE MUST BE THE  
MACHINE-GUN TRIGGERS...  
JUST PRESS THEM NOW...  
AND...

FAT  
TAT  
TAT

TAT  
TAT  
TAT



GREAT  
SCOTT!

SUDDENLY  
THE ALUMINUM  
WINGS AND  
FUSELAGE OF  
SINCLAIR'S  
PLANE  
DISAPPEARS!

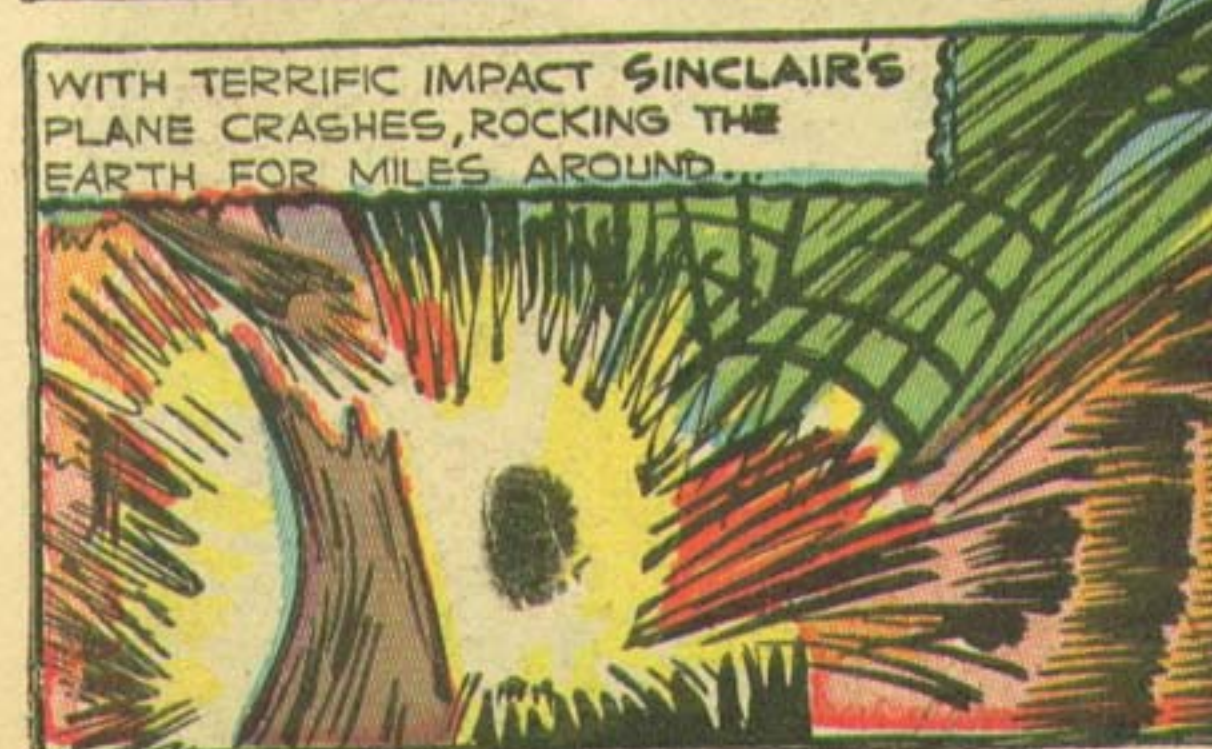


I...I'VE  
BEEN  
HIT!  
AAAAAH!



STEP ON THE  
GAS, BOYS! THE PILOT  
MAY BE STILL  
ALIVE!

CLANG  
CLANG  
CLANG  
KLONK



WITH TERRIFIC IMPACT SINCLAIR'S  
PLANE CRASHES, ROCKING THE  
EARTH FOR MILES AROUND...



MOMENTS LATER... SINCLAIR IS TAKEN TO THE FIELD HOSPITAL!



IF ONLY WE COULD OPERATE — WE MIGHT BE ABLE TO SAVE HIS LIFE!

I'M SORRY, SINCLAIR — BUT THE GOVERNMENT DIDN'T HAVE ENOUGH ALUMINUM TO MAKE SURGICAL INSTRUMENTS! THERE'S NOTHING WE CAN DO!

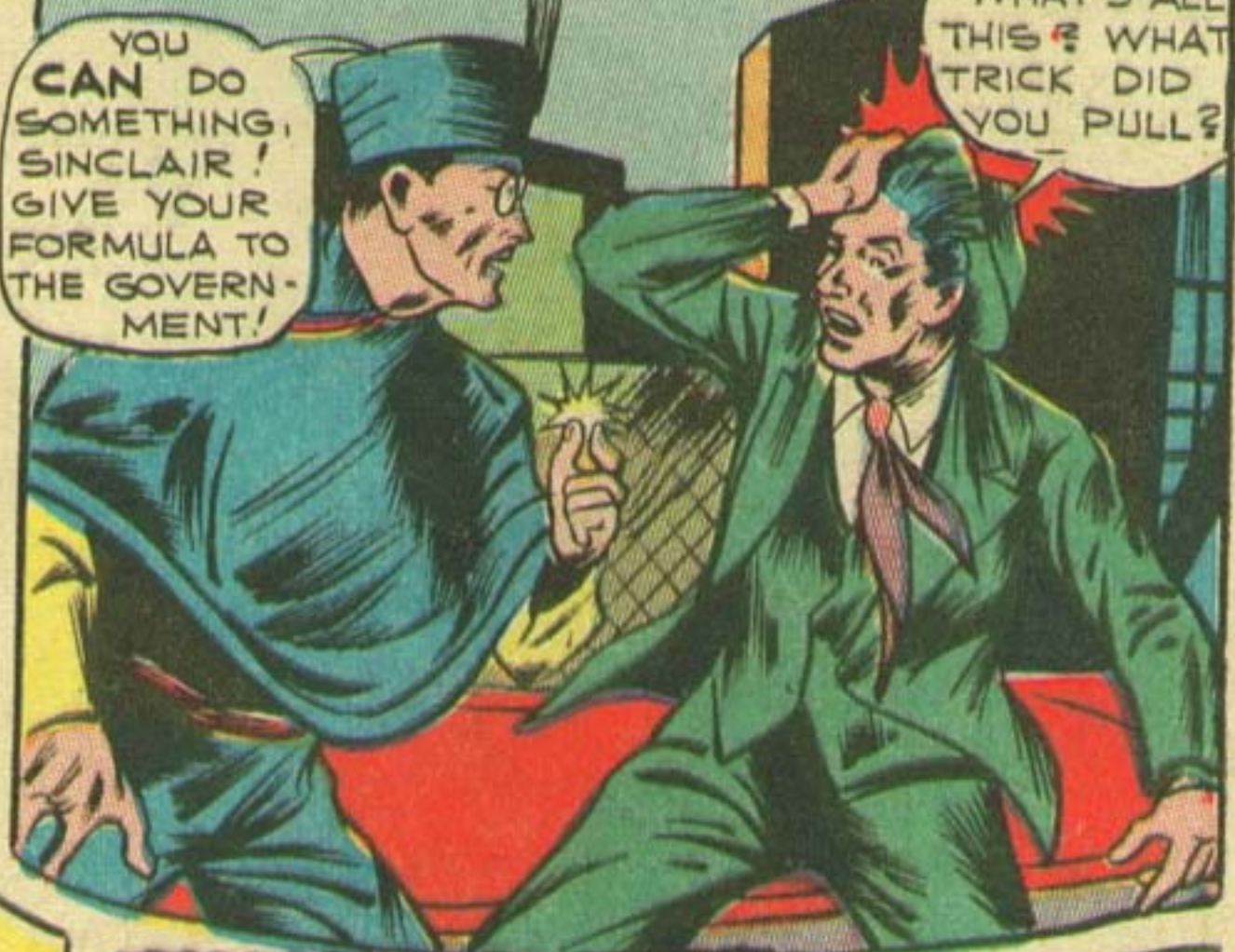


DO...--C-CAN YOU SAVE M-ME? AHHHHH!

AS SOON AS HE UTTERS THOSE WORDS... THE SCENE OF TERROR DISSOLVES, AND



NO! NO! THERE MUST BE ENOUGH ALUMINUM! THERE MUST BE! YOU'VE GOT TO SAVE MY LIFE! I'LL DO ANY-THING!



YOU CAN DO SOMETHING, SINCLAIR! GIVE YOUR FORMULA TO THE GOVERNMENT!

Y-YOU! WHAT'S ALL THIS? WHAT TRICK DID YOU PULL?



A DREAM; HUH? I'LL SHOW YOU — MAKING ME THINK I WAS DYING! I'LL SHOW YOU JUST WHAT I'LL DO!



AS SINCLAIR, INFURIATED, STRIDES INTO HIS OFFICE HE IS STOPPED BY HIS SECRETARY.

HERE'S A LETTER FROM THE GOVERNMENT FOR YOU!



THIS IS PROBABLY THEIR REQUEST FOR MY FORMULA SO THEY CAN OPEN MORE PLANTS! WELL, THIS IS MY ANSWER!

I'LL TEAR UP THE LETTER WITHOUT EVEN READING IT!

I WOULDN'T TEAR IT UP IF I WERE YOU. READ IT, YOU MIGHT BE MISSING SOMETHING!

OKAY, BUT YOU KNOW MY ANSWER!



YES - YOU'VE REALLY BEEN DRAFTED, SINCLAIR! SO YOU THOUGHT SELFISHNESS WOULD PAY! WELL, SINCE I CAN'T MAKE YOU UNDERSTAND - THE ARMY WILL SOON KNOCK YOUR GREEDINESS OUT OF YOU!



JANUARY 1943



GREETINGS:  
THE PRESIDENT OF THE UNITED STATES AND THE PEOPLE OF YOUR COMMUNITY HAVE CHOSEN YOU...  
**HUGH SINCLAIR**

TO SERVE AS A MEMBER OF THE ARMED FORCES OF THE UNITED STATES

YOU'VE HAD YOUR WAY, ZAMBINI - BUT YOU HAVEN'T CONVINCED ME!



BOYS AND GIRLS, NOW THAT YOU'VE SEEN THE STORY OF HUGH SINCLAIR - I HOPE IT'S MADE YOU THINK! WE AMERICANS HAVE TO FORGET OURSELVES AND DO ALL WE CAN FOR THE OTHER FELLOW - WE HAVE TO MAKE SACRIFICES FOR OUR SOLDIERS! THEY'RE GIVING THEIR LIVES FOR US!



The END



# Be a RADIO Technician



**J. E. SMITH, President, National Radio Institute**  
Established 27 years  
He has directed the training of more men for the Radio Industry than anyone else.

**I Train Beginners at Home for Good Spare Time and Full Time Radio Jobs**  
**More Now Make \$30 \$40 \$50 a Week Than Ever Before**

Here's your opportunity to get a good job in a busy wartime industry with a big peacetime future! There is a shortage today of trained Radio Technicians and Operators. If you're in a rut, worried because your present job will not last—find out about RADIO!

Mail the Coupon. I will send you FREE my 64-page, illustrated book, **RICH REWARDS IN RADIO**. It describes many fascinating types of Radio jobs. Tells how N. R. I. trains you at home in spare time. How you learn by building and testing your own Radio Circuits with **SIX BIG KITS OF RADIO PARTS** I send!

**Many Beginners Quickly Learn to Make \$5, \$10 A Week Extra in Spare Time**

Many N. R. I. Students make extra money fixing Radios in spare time while learning. I send **EXTRA MONEY JOB SHEETS** that tell how to do it!

Right now, probably in your neighborhood, there's room for more spare and full time Radio Technicians. The Radio repair business is booming, because no new Radios are being made. Many spare time Technicians are starting their own FULL time business . . . making \$30, \$40, \$50 a week!

Other Radio trained men take good-pay jobs with Radio Broadcasting Stations. Many more are needed for Government jobs as Civilian Operators, Technicians. Radio manufacturers employ trained Technicians to help fill Government wartime orders. Aviation, Commercial, Police Radio and Loudspeaker Systems are live, growing fields. And think of the NEW jobs Television, Frequency Modulation, and other Radio developments will open after the war! I give you the Radio knowledge required for jobs in these fields.

**How My "50-50 Method" Paves The Way To Bigger Pay**

My 50-50 Method—half building and testing Radio Circuits, half learning from interesting, illustrated lessons—is a tested, proved method. Before you know it you are "old friends" with the miracle of Radio. You run your own Spare Time Shop, fix the Radios of your friends and neighbors—get paid while learning!

**A Great School Helps You Toward The Rich Rewards of Radio**

I've seen my method help thousands jump their pay. It is a time tested, practical way to prepare for a full time Radio job paying up to \$50 a week. Instead of struggling along by yourself, you "team up" with an organization that knows how to help beginners get started.

**Extra Pay in Army, Navy, Too**

Men likely to go into military service, soldiers, sailors, marines, should mail the coupon now! Learning Radio helps men get extra rank, extra prestige, more interesting duties, **MUCH HIGHER PAY**. Also prepares for good Radio jobs after service ends. Hundreds of service men now enrolled.

**Find Out What N. R. I. Can Do For You**

MAIL THE COUPON for my FREE 64-page book. It is packed with Radio facts, things you never knew about opportunities in Broadcasting, Radio Servicing, Manufacturing, other Radio fields.

You'll read complete descriptions of my Course—"50-50 Method"—6 Experimental Kits—Extra Money Job Sheets. You'll see the fascinating jobs Radio offers and how YOU can train at home. You'll read many letters from men I trained telling what they are doing, earning. No obligation. Just MAIL THE COUPON! J. E. SMITH, President, Dept. 3AM7, National Radio Institute, Washington, D. C.



**Broadcasting Stations** employ N. R. I. trained Radio Technicians as operators, installation, maintenance men and in other capacities and pay well.



**I Trained These Men**

**\$10 a Week in Spare Time**

"I repaired some Radio sets when I was on my tenth lesson. I really don't see how you can give so much for such a small amount of money. I made \$600 in a year and a half, and I have made an average of \$10 a week—just spare time." **JOHN JERRY**, 1337 Kalamath Street, Denver, Colorado.

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"For several years I have been in business for myself making around \$200 a month. Business has steadily increased. I have N. R. I. to thank for my start in this field." **ARLIE J. FROEHNER**, 300 W. Texas Ave., Goose Creek, Texas.

**N. R. I. Student Now Lieutenant in U. S. Army Signal Corps**

"I cannot divulge any information as to my type of work, but I can say that N. R. I. training is certainly coming in mighty handy these days." (Name and address omitted for military reasons.)

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**TRAINING MEN FOR VITAL RADIO JOBS**

**FREE TO MEN WHO WANT BETTER JOBS**

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**National Radio Institute, Washington, D. C.**

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NAME..... AGE.....

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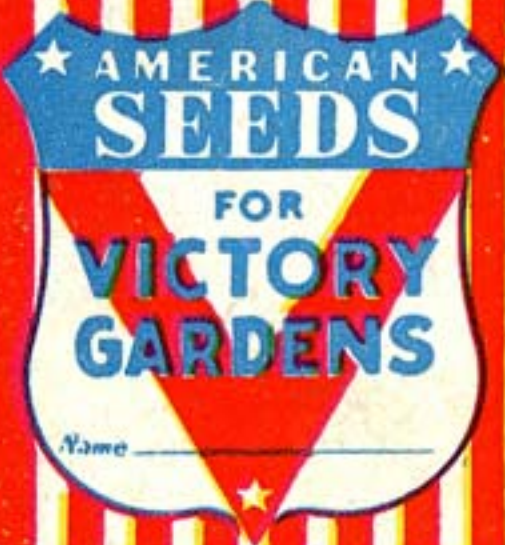
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City \_\_\_\_\_ State \_\_\_\_\_

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